Week ending July 31 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

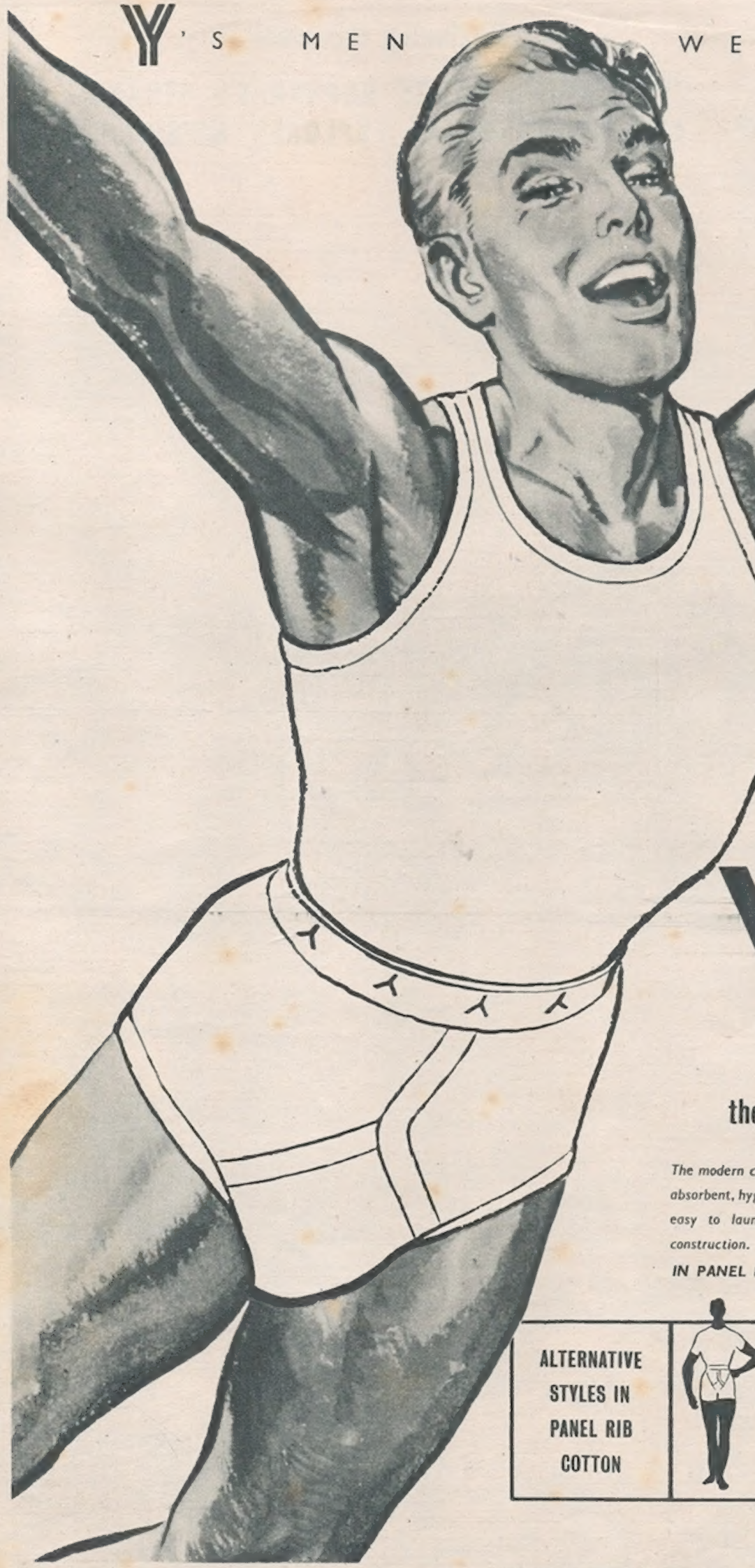
JOHN BULL

Beginning this week

"MITSINARI": ANDRE DUPEYRAT'S STRANGE ADVENTURES AS AN EXPLORER MISSIONARY

I DEFY THE SORCERERS TO KILL ME

Y'S MEN WEAR Y-FRONT!



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EDITORIAL

Hush!

MRS. ROSAMOND FISHER, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, lives at Lambeth Palace, a little way along the Thames from St. Thomas's Hospital. When the helicopter route along the Thames was inaugurated last month, she complained of the serious effect the noise would have on those living and working nearby, and particularly on those lying in the hospital.

So the owners of one of the helicopters had a sound-level meter placed outside the hospital. It showed that although a helicopter five hundred feet up made a noise of 87 decibels, a bus going by registered 92 decibels.

THIS was meant to exonerate helicopters. All it did was to show scientifically what everybody with ears already knows—that the racket which accompanies modern living comes from every side as well as from above.

MRS. FISHER
"Noise gets worse every day"

Mrs. Fisher says: "Noise in the modern world gets worse every day; helicopters have made life just a little more intolerable. Noise is bad for health and sanity."

Lord Horder, the eminent physician, agrees. "We are dying in increasing numbers of functional diseases such as coronary thrombosis, arterio-sclerosis and diabetes. The insanity rate is mounting. In all of these, increasing noise plays a part with its evil effect on our nervous systems."

AIR noise is worst near jet airfields. At Wallingford, Berkshire, pedestrians cannot hear cars coming; at Greenham School, nearby, work is "virtually impossible." Within a dozen years, turbo-jets are expected to be commonplace on the roads as well as in the air; when they are revving up their noise is shrill and harsh.

Factory workers can be permanently affected by the clamour they work in. Recently there has been a crop of lawsuits in America by workers claiming damages for impairment of hearing.

NOISE impairs production, too. A recent Medical Research Council experiment showed that stokers are much more efficient when noise is cut down.

Engineers are aware of the problem, but power and efficiency comes before quietness on their priority lists.

It seems as though the forecast of Thomas Edison, the deaf inventor, may come true. He said: "We are building a world in which the person who is deaf will have a definite advantage."

The inventors of the clever machines that make the noise must go just a little farther. They must quieten them.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JUST round the corner a farmer's wife has tea waiting for twenty-two adults, three halves and a dog. They should have arrived some time ago. But these tours are designed, say the organizers, to satisfy curiosity rather than speed, and a country lane detour may enliven the day. About 45,000 people are planning to see Britain by coach this year. Bill Morden's sheep are making sure that this party does not pass some of it by.

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CIGARS
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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

LIFE SEEMS PRETTY GOOD JUST NOW...

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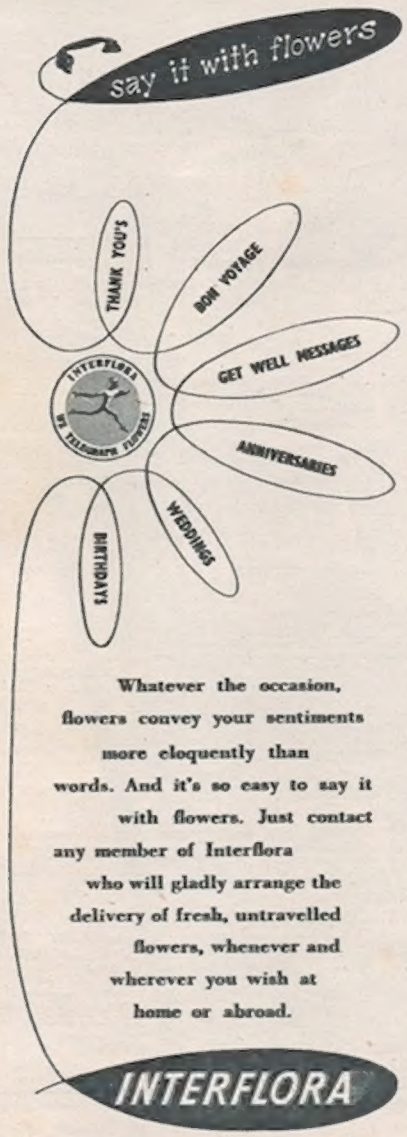

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FREE SPEECH

What is a godmother's duty?

MY best friend is having her baby christened soon and I was hoping she would ask me to be a godmother. I was quickly disillusioned. "I know you won't mind if we don't ask you," she said, and explained that she and her husband had chosen two wealthy acquaintances who live some distance away. "We feel they will be able to do so much for the child," she added.

Neither of these women has seen the baby more than once, and they are not regular churchgoers—though the duty of a godparent is to encourage the child to go to church.

When I told my husband this, he laughed and said: "I saw my godfather only three times in my life. When he died he left me £200, which I found far more useful than a lot of religious instruction." — MRS. J. K., Northamptonshire.

Court Adjourned

THE only copy of JOHN BULL that arrives in Kangra, a small town in the Himalayas, is sent to me by a friend in England. I pass it on to many friends here, who eagerly await my mail.

Recently, I lent three copies to a magistrate. They were stolen from his house by three boys while he was in court. The boys were about to sell them as waste paper, when my servant, who cannot read English, recognized the coloured title panel on one of the copies. The thieves fled, the magistrate was informed—and he adjourned his court to hunt for the boys. — MISS FLORENCE SAMUEL, Kangra, East Punjab, India.

Fitness Test

FOR some time I have been trying to teach my young son to choose books for himself at the public library, but whenever we go into the children's section I am hopelessly at sea. The authors' names mean little to me, and it is a laborious job reading the books to discover which are suitable for my

son. I wonder why libraries don't group books according to their suitability for children of different ages.—JOHN BAKER, Tudor Drive, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

Many libraries have sections for young and older children, in which the books are classified to guide readers: M for mystery, A for adventure, GS for girls' school stories.

Growing Eggs

AT home in my garden I have managed to grow some egg plants or aubergines. After reading that Captain Farrar-Hockley often had egg-plant soup ("The Edge Of The Sword," July 3), I am waiting anxiously for my plants to bear fruit. All I want to know now is how to cook them.—F. PRICE, Whitehouse Crescent, Hendon, Sunderland.

Aubergines resemble small marrows, and are usually purple. They are as popular on the Continent as cabbages are in Britain. A French recipe: cut lengthwise in half, cook in butter till tender but firm; remove pulp and mix it with hot butter, breadcrumbs, chopped ham, salt and pepper, and bind with eggs. Cook for ten minutes. Stuff each skin with the mixture, put in well-buttered dish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, add butter to each aubergine, and cook in moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Sales Talk

WHEN I wanted to sell my house I put it in the hands of an estate agent, but without result. I decided to advertise it under a box number. In reply I received a letter from the agents asking if they could sell it for me. They claimed to have a client waiting.—MRS. D. L., Plymouth.

Hardly Cricket

IF the cricketer receives his benefit tax free (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 10), why is the gift of a heavily taxed congregation once again taxed before it is given to a vicar at Easter? Everyone knows that this gift is not compulsory, yet the vicar is compelled to declare it. Should every tiny extra be tabulated for taxation? —REV. R. W. A. COLEMAN, St. John's Vicarage, Culmington Road, Ealing, London, W.13.

My Dear Raffles . . .

FEW people know that E. W. Hornung, creator of Raffles, was married in 1893 to Constance Doyle. She was the sister of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes stories. Raffles and Holmes were, therefore, brain children of real-life brothers-in-law. There is a belief that Hornung created Raffles as the criminal counterpart of Holmes.—DAVID K. O'SULLIVAN, College Road, Cork, Irish Republic.

About ten years after Hornung's death in 1921, Barry Perowne re-created Raffles in modern dress. Now, in a series specially written for JOHN BULL, he puts him back in Victorian times. Another of his stories will appear next week.

Clinching The Deal

A PERSON may go to a motor showroom, pay £1,000 for a car, and a twopenny stamp will complete the deal. The purchase of a house, however, may take some time, and the legal costs involved are so heavy that an additional burden is often placed on people who can ill afford it. It seems time for some kind of reform to make house purchase easier and cheaper. After all, I should imagine it would be far easier to establish ownership of a house, which cannot be stolen, than of a car, which might be moved hundreds of miles in a night.—L. W., Middlesbrough, Yorks.

COMING TO JOHN BULL

A THING TO LOVE

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

A powerful new novel set in troubled Kenya

FURTHER DETAILS NEXT WEEK

Free Trade

THE story of the Americans who stopped to photograph schoolboys wearing boaters ("Free Speech," July 10) recalled the time I took some American friends to my local bank. They stared in amazement at its open counters and the way in which clients leaned over them. When two messengers called, unescorted, and casually collected a large sum of money, my friends remarked: "The folks back home'll never believe this." — MRS. F. C., Woodland Avenue, Luton, Bedfordshire.

Museum Piece

I WAS a patient in a chest hospital for seventeen months, and was interested to read the article on bone banks (JOHN BULL, June 26). Many patients had ribs removed while I was in hospital, and most of these persuaded the ward sister to obtain one of their rib bones from the theatre as a memento. On visiting days they would proudly display to their friends a well-cleaned, sterilized rib that looked much like a well-boiled mutton-chop bone. — ROBERT S. MILLS, Fairmead Crescent, Edgware, Middlesex.

Concrete Examples

MY son is an architect. When he saw Gerald Fancett's cover painting of a man cementing a path (JOHN BULL, July 10), he gave a howl of incredulity. He wonders where Mr. Fancett has seen a house with a back door that opens outwards.—MRS. K. E. PAYNE, Grange Road, Wigston Fields, Leicester.

Many houses, including Fancett's, have back doors that open outwards to save space in a small kitchen.

Goods—By Hand

THE cobbled High Street at Clovelly, North Devon, is indeed too steep for motor vehicles ("Free Speech," July 10). When I was on holiday

there this year, I was interested to see the unusual way some traders delivered their goods by handtruck. —MRS. W. BIRCH, Norfolk.

Our photograph shows coal being delivered at Clovelly.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

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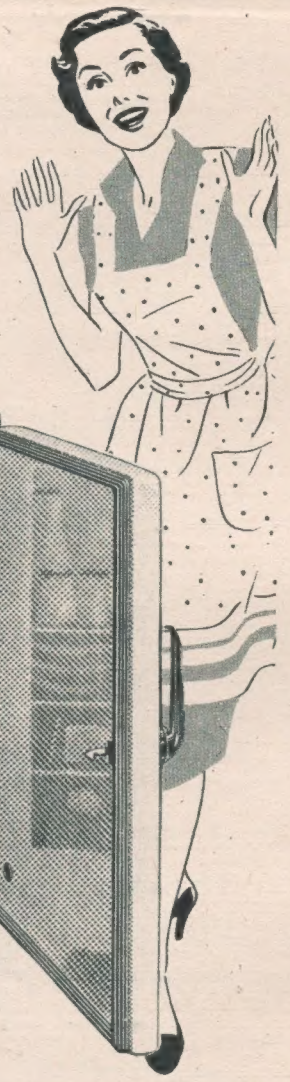

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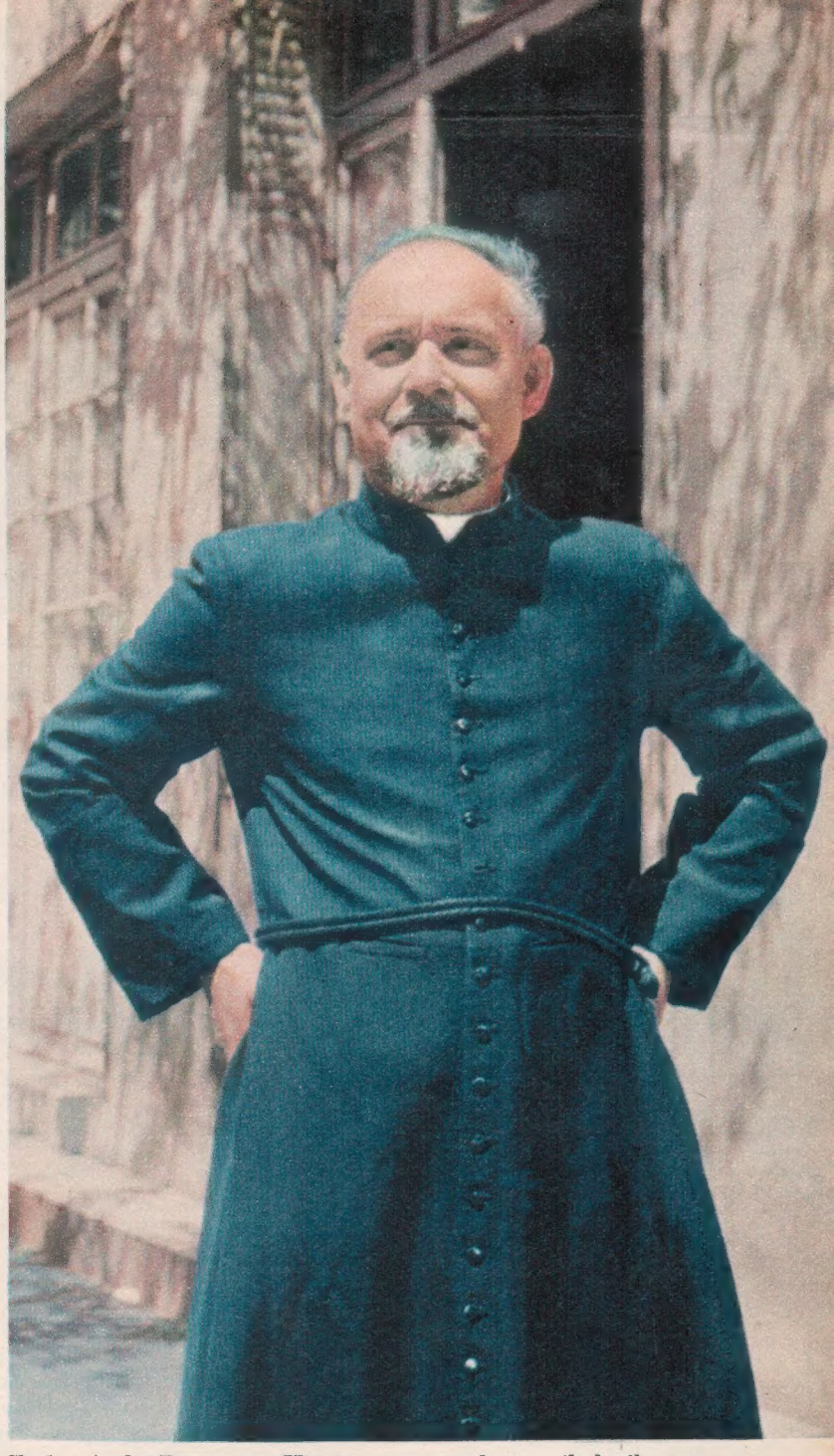
PR 4/15

A Fuyughé tribeswoman smokes a bamboo pipe; another searches a friend for lice—a Papuan courtesy. The Fuyughés were among the first converts of Dupeyrat's mission



Father André Dupeyrat. His name among the cannibal tribes of Papua's central mountains is *Mitsinari*—the missionary

"I defy the sorcerers to kill me . . ." ANDRE DUPEYRAT begins the story of his adventures as an explorer missionary in New Guinea

MITSINARI

"YOU'RE MAD TO INSIST on going to those savages up there," argued the eldest of the boatmen. "I tell you, they'll kill you, cook you in stones and eat you." I had listened to this refrain for the last fortnight, so I merely answered: "Word of truth," which, being interpreted in the Papuan fashion, means: "Tell me another!"

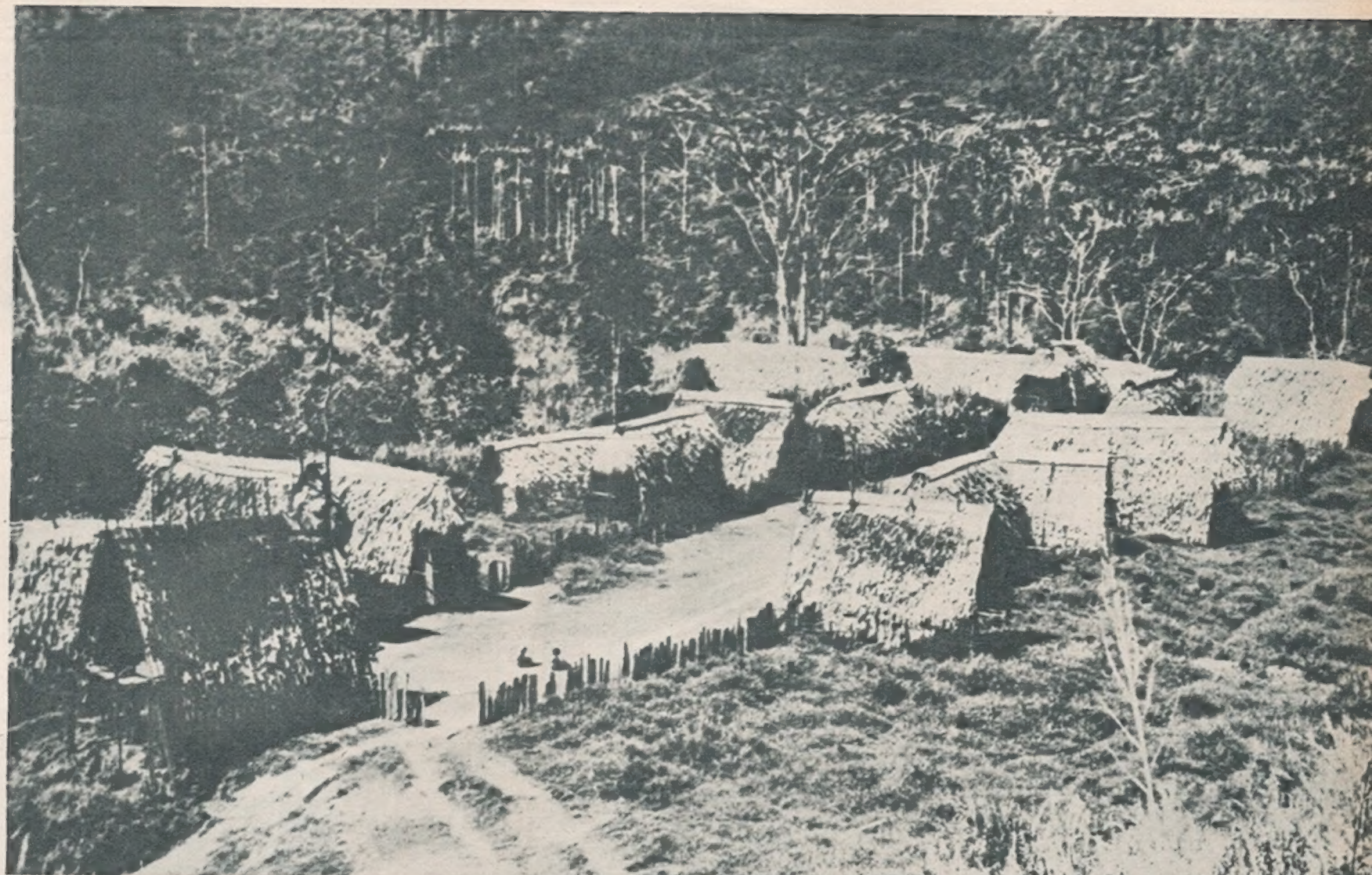
We had emerged into the valley of the Kunimaïpa River, which opens out like an enormous fan in the central mountains of Papua. I stood dumbfounded. The spectacle was startlingly beautiful: a majestic, virgin landscape, unlike anything I had seen so far, lay spread out at my feet.

I had left Yule, the centre of the Papuan Catholic Mission, by motor boat. For eight hours this vessel had tossed me over the waves of a stormy Coral Sea and had nearly foundered in the terrifying welter of surf which thundered at the mouth of the river by which we had to travel inland. The river was the quickest way of getting to the new mountain region, and we were going to following it upstream as far as possible.

That meant three days by canoe over treacherous water which raced swiftly between low-lying, silent and hostile banks. These were covered with a brittle, dense and unlovely vegetation: reeds too tall and too profuse, palm trees which might have been decorative had they crowded together less thickly, and enormous thistles to remind one that, in Papua, natural beauty was never divorced from nasty gashes.

The tropical sun flashed its rays over the whole landscape. An odour of decay, which came from the river slime and the ageless humus on its banks, mingled with the subtle perfume of many-coloured creepers twining round the ancient trees, whose tortured knotty roots were plunged deep into the yellowish waters. From time to time, between their branches, one caught a glimpse of a large boa coiled and meditative. Below, sprawled on a black sandbank, a crocodile slept, his great white mouth gaping at us.

Lying limply on the rough bamboo bottom of



A typical jungle village in Papua's central mountains. The huts are built from branches set in an inverted V and laced with leaves. The largest hut is the *Emone*—the village hall and "clubhouse" where the chief and his elders hold palavers and receive guests. The missionary lives in it while making his rounds

the canoe, aching all over, devoured by innumerable mosquitoes and dazed by the sun, I could still admire the Papuan boatmen who urged our frail craft forward by means of long poles, regardless of the waterfalls, the heat, the crocodiles and the unknown dangers which lay in wait for us.

My journey into this wild and rugged territory of the cannibals was the climax to my many trips as a missionary in the Mafulu district of Papua. This district is one of eleven regions in which the Papuan Catholic Mission has built up Christian communities in the midst of a vast pagan population. Even today, the majority of Papuans are pagan savages.

Mafulu lies in the central mountains, six days' march from the little island of Yule, on the south-east coast of New Guinea, where in 1885 the mission was founded by missionaries from the Sacred Heart of Issoudun in France. The first white men who penetrated this central mountain region, from 1896 onwards, were missionaries from Yule, notably Monsignor Alain de Boismenu and Father Fastré. Later came Father Joseph Bachelier, under whom I served my "apprenticeship."

Converted The Cannibal Tribes

When, as an eager young French priest of twenty-eight, I arrived in New Guinea in 1930, I found much evidence of my predecessors' courageous work. Already more than four thousand natives in the district had become converts.

But there was also the dark side—especially among the savages in the wild Tawadé country, where sorcery, cannibalism, the slaughter of babies and old people and other bestial forms of paganism were still practised.

Gradually, during the years that followed, the Tawadés had been converted to Christianity. But I knew that beyond their territory, farther to the west, stretched vast regions in which white men had barely set foot. And there lived men even more ferocious than the Tawadés. Many years had elapsed since I first resolved to visit these people—but at last the occasion had presented itself. Now I was on my way.

Forced To Abandon Their Canoe

On the evening of the third day, the increasing number of the waterfalls and the growing shallowness of the stream forced us to abandon the canoe. Three young natives agreed to carry on with me on foot. But the three others, including the pessimistic old chief, resolutely refused to go any farther.

"We're not mad! They're like wild boars, those people up in the mountains," they cried. So, naked and proud, yet frightened and shame-faced, these erstwhile savages turned the canoe back towards the coast.

We then plunged into the extraordinary chaos characteristic of the foothills in the Papuan ranges. There were no proper paths—only a barely distinguishable track which led as straight as an arrow over ravines and torrents, fantastic rock formations and steep precipices. The only light was a sinister green glow. The air had the atmosphere of an over-heated hothouse. For, as elsewhere in Papua, the track made its way under the dense leafy canopy of the virgin forest: a realm held inviolable by a whole armoury of prickly creepers, which tore at shoulders and arms; thickets that had to be cut down, and which at once became a cluster of sharp daggers; giant fallen trees in whose shells swarmed everything that creeps, crawls, bites or sucks.

This went on for five days. We slept in the bush, anywhere, as best we could. We fed on the birds we shot on the way and the fish we could harpoon with barbed arrows in one of the hundred torrents we had to cross each day.

Finally, having climbed to a height of about six thousand feet, we reached a narrow watershed. Behind us lay the valley of the St. Joseph, where for sixty years the mission had been a centre spreading faith and civilization among the Kunis, the Mekeos and the Roros; before us, the valley of the Kunimaïpa, still largely uncharted, still peopled by cannibals.

What a superb sight it was! A vast grassy valley, enclosed by the long, undulating slopes of mountains which towered up nine thousand feet or more, now stretched before my eyes. In the deep ravines, which constituted natural sounding boxes, foaming torrents roared. A clear, bluish light, a pearly light, smiled on all this green with its thousand and one shades, from the velvet blackness of the pine groves in the hollows to the clear quivering emerald of the summits.

Emerging from the dreary labyrinths of the dark virgin forest, the beauty of the sight was overpowering. Drunk as much with admiration as with fatigue, I collapsed on a pile of tall grasses.

Had Never Seen White Men

The three "boys" were anxiously scrutinizing the valley. "Look!" said one, "the evening smoke is rising from the villages. They have not seen us yet. Let us go back. It is not too late."

But that was out of the question. It was precisely to establish contact with these people, who for the most part had never seen a white man, to learn their language which no other civilized man had ever learned, to prepare for our coming in their midst, that I was here in this unexplored region. I counted the villages, little yellow spots clinging to the rugged sides of the enormous mountain chains, and my heart beat faster with joy and hope.

We camped on our high rampart, overlooking

A widow mourns a cannibal husband. His foot and bones, the net in which he died, drape her body

the incredible landscape, its outlines blurred by the violet night. The cold air of the high peaks made our teeth chatter, but we dared not light a fire.

The following morning, towards midday, having not without danger and difficulty crossed the raging Kunimaïpa River, I found myself wading along a smaller stream at the very foot of an abrupt slope leading to one of the villages on the right bank. It had attracted me more than the others because of its central position on a sizeable spur in a large bend of the valley.

"They Are Sure To Kill You"

Our presence had, of course, been detected early that morning as we came loping down through the long grass like white rabbits in a field of green corn. Immediately, cries had re-echoed through the valley. The alert had been given. My boys had held back, and I had continued on my own from that point.

"Go, since you wish it," they had said. "We will wait for you here. We will see what they do. If they kill you, we will return quickly and tell your bishop, and the *taubada* [the government]. If they welcome you, we will come and join you. But they are sure to kill you. . . ."

With these reassuring words ringing in my ears, I had gone on.

My feet in icy water, I now groped my way along a ravine lined with trees, heavy with thick branches and large leaves. These formed a screen between me and my goal. But, guided by earlier experience, I at last located the opening to the path, which was overgrown with coarse grass.

I set off along the track, plunging at once into a greenish light and a hostile silence. After some feet of slippery ascent, I suddenly saw, in the middle of the path, several tufts of grass tied together at the top. I knew at once what

Swept away by the current, Dupeyrat takes a ducking in the Dilava. To haul themselves across the flooded river, his porters cut long lianas which they plaited and tied to trees on each bank

André Dupeyrat prepares supper in his cooking pot. This photograph was taken in 1931, a year after he came to Papua. He was then twenty-nine

At the mission in the Kunimaipa valley, founded after Dupeyrat's exploration, two feuding tribes make peace. A chief offers his enemy nuts as a peace gift and a dead dog to show war is "killed"

that sign indicated: "War path. Go no farther." I also knew that, almost for certain, warriors who had been sent out as scouts were watching me from behind the curtain of trees.

To retrace my steps would have spelt disaster. An arrow or a spear would soon have pierced my back, for the waiting warriors would have realized that I was not a spirit, as they had imagined. To them, a creature with the outward appearance of a man, but with a white skin, could be nothing other than a spirit. And a spirit does not stand in fear of taboos.

Accordingly, the "spirit" went boldly ahead.

The slope grew steeper and steeper, and soon I had to use my hands as well as my feet to haul myself from narrow terrace to narrow ledge, levering myself up on slippery roots and clutching at the branches of out-jutting trees. Then, suddenly, I found myself staring at three spear points. The spears had been stuck in the ground in such a way that they were levelled, straight and menacing, at whoever mounted the track.

Like A Crowd Of Skeletons

This was an even more unequivocal sign. It signified: "Go a step farther, and you die!" Having got that far, however, there was nothing else I could do but pull them out, toss them aside with scorn and push ahead. This I did, for the benefit of any possible onlooker, and not without an inwardly quaking heart.

Already I could hear, indistinctly but audibly enough for anyone accustomed to the bush, the yells of men and the ululations of women. It was not hard to guess that, in the clearing in front of the village, the men were dancing to whip up each other's passions.

So it turned out. For when, after a good half-hour's painful climbing, I emerged from the forest into a grassy clearing on the almost level summit where the squalid huts of the village huddled, I was confronted with a formidable opposition.

It consisted of about fifty warriors, entirely naked except for a narrow strip of beaten bark which served as a quite inadequate loin cloth. Their bodies, dark hued and filthy, were daubed with alternating black and white stripes of soot and white clay paint. They looked, indeed, very much like a crowd of skeletons. On their faces, around the mouth and eyes, were further daubs of bright red and yellow, and above their heads, jet black and light as air, waved the plumes of the cassowary bird which they wore in a sort of diadem. Some had a pair of twisted and terrible boar's fangs tightly clenched in their teeth. They all rolled their eyes terrifyingly, while from their enormous mouths came a strange chant—half bellowed, half intoned, but always perfectly modulated—which froze the heart with fear.

Twirled Heavy Stone Clubs

Some brandished wooden spears, which they vibrated with great energy at terrific speed. Others had long black palm-wood bows, with barbed arrows six feet long. Some twirled heavy stone clubs which looked like huge hand grenades. As they leaped and stamped about, they sent the grass and earth flying. They would take one step forward and two back, a skip to the right and another to the left, then, all together, they would leap forward, yelling louder than before. Their aim was to frighten me, and in this they succeeded only too well.

But I could not afford to betray my fear. Besides, as I tried to console myself, there had been other moments just as critical during my many journeys as jungle missionary. There was the time, for instance, when the sorcerers set out to kill me with snakes. . . .

One day I was enjoying a welcome rest at Fane-les-Roses, the central mountain mission station, when the news came that sorcerers were at work among the tribes of the Dilava Valley, who were then under my charge. The news was brought to me by my native catechist, Severiano.

"The Devil is once more taking charge of our valley," he said, highly agitated. "The sorcerers have been on a trip to the coast. They have brought back with them new *menghes* [formulae and fetishes used in witchcraft]. They feel more powerful now, and they have told the people that they must return to their former pagan customs, or the most dreadful calamities will occur. They have their agents in every village. They are threatening, shouting, demanding people's possessions. Everyone is afraid. . . . Come."

In less than an hour, Severiano and I were on our way to my mission station at Cour-des-Anges. It was late in the evening when we arrived and a large crowd awaited us, and among them I noticed unfamiliar faces. I climbed on to the platform outside my hut and began to address the crowd.

"People of the Dilava, my sons, it has come to my ears that having renounced the ways of the Devil, you wish now to return to them. My entrails have become bitter at this news. . . . Once again, the Devil flies over you like an evil bird. Once again, as in the past, you crane your necks to see him, turning your faces up with wide-open mouths. . . ."

Challenge To Witch-doctors

Such eloquence may seem strange, but in our speeches and sermons we had to strike a happy balance between elements provided by primitive mentality, childish tone, natural poetry and the crudest realism—yet this mixture was admirably suited to convey the lessons we wanted to drive home. My Papuans understood instantly and were moved by the argument I developed. Many lowered their heads and spat.

"Bad men are among you," I went on. "They threaten you with their wicked spells. You are afraid. I can understand your feelings. But this is what I proclaim before you all: I am going into all the villages of the tribes. I shall spend a day and a night in each village, and in each I shall celebrate a mass and pronounce the exorcism of St. Michael, to drive away all evil spirits from your fields, your homes and your hearts. . . . If, during my journey, the sorcerers succeed in causing me to die, so be it; I am not the emissary of the true God, I am wrong, and they are right. But if they fail to kill me, it is they who are wrong and you will never listen to them again. . . ."

Afterwards, in my hut, I suddenly realized that I had acted like a madman. For had I not just thrown down a mortal challenge to every witch-doctor in the country? Such men are powerful and wield inexplicable weapons, or, to say the least, they are able to twist events and use their knowledge of the creatures and plants of the bush to achieve their murderous ends. What right had I to place the fate of my religion and of the souls entrusted to me in a balance over which I had no control?

The Cause Of The Panic

However, I decided to hold to my challenge. The next day, after celebrating mass and reciting the solemn exorcism as I had promised, I went up to the next village, Karamé. As I neared the village a group of its people came out to welcome me. As I climbed the last stretch of the path, we were exchanging our news at the tops of our voices, when all at once the men in front of me uttered wild cries and hurled themselves into the nearby thickets.

In my astonishment I took several more paces, meanwhile glancing all round me to discover the reason for their sudden panic. At that point, I saw a snake in the middle of the path, a snake with silvery skin, quivering and reared almost erect before me. It was no more than

In a dimly lit palm-leaf hut, Dupeyrat holds a Bible class. Some of his Papuan pupils are taught to be catechists and will later instruct in their own villages. Dupeyrat spent twenty years in Papua and is an authority on the country and its people. Two of his books have won French Academy prizes

three feet long and slender as a length of white ribbon, but I knew that its bite was fatal.

The snake darted its head towards me, its jaw open to show the flickering back threads of its forked tongue, and I heard its faint, enraged hiss. If I made a movement, either to right or left, the flattened head immediately followed suit, to keep directly in front of me. We remained like that for some time, the snake higher up the track, myself below.

Waited For Snake To Strike

I had come to know something about snakes. This one, doubtless in rut if it was a male, or in the incubation period if it was female, would attack without provocation. At ordinary times a snake will flee before a man, unless he steps on it or passes too close.

I guessed that it was merely waiting for the right moment to drop to the ground, slide towards me like greased lightning, then rear up on its tail once more and shoot its head forward like a hammer striking the anvil, blindly driving its venomous fangs into my flesh. But I, too, was waiting for the right moment. When a snake is on the ground one can break its spinal column with a well-aimed blow of a stick.

Taking a firm grip on my stick and feeling cautiously to make sure I had a firm footing, but never raising my eyes from the snake, I moved two steps back. At once, the snake sank to the ground. With equal rapidity, I leaped forward and lashed at it with my stick, breaking its back. Then, with a stone, I crushed the head.

"Come back, the rest of you," I called to my companions, who had watched from a distance, petrified. "Can't you see I've killed it?"

At Karamé, I made the same speech to the assembled villagers that I had made at Cour-des-Anges. Next day, after a weary night spent in the crowded and evil-smelling *Emone*—communal hut—I celebrated mass on an improvised altar in the central clearing, and ended up by again reciting the great archangel's exorcism. The villagers showed much more fervour than usual in their prayers and as they received the sacraments.

Once more, it seemed good to be alive!

That same day I made my way laboriously towards the village of Avolé, situated lower down the same mountainside, but concealed behind a chaos of steep, jutting spurs which had to be negotiated one by one, with not a stretch of level ground anywhere unless it was on the stony beds of the streams.

I had plenty of time for reflection. The day before, when I had encountered the silvery snake, I had not seen any connection between its attack and my challenge to the sorcerers. But the villagers who had witnessed the battle had shown an unusual degree of terror; there had been whisperings in the village itself, snatches of conversation overheard in the communal hut, and then the sudden pious fervour shown by these people who were normally so slack and apathetic. All these things had awakened my suspicions.

Inside The Sorcerer's Turban

Had the sorcerers placed the snake on my path? Had they decided to accept my challenge? I began to wonder. The ruffians would have found it too dangerous to kill me openly, for that would have aroused the people against them, and the government would have investigated. But might they not have decided to get rid of me secretly, in their usual cunning way?

Very appropriately, at that moment, I remembered a method used by sorcerers down on the coast. They often possess extremely poisonous snakes which, by some process I cannot explain, they are able to tame. I knew one who had two of these dangerous creatures in his service—he kept them wound about his head, enclosed in a sort of large turban of tapa cloth.

When a sorcerer has decided, either for motives of vengeance or self-interest, to bring about the death of a person, he contrives to get hold of a piece of clothing belonging to his victim, and thus impregnated with his particular smell. Most Papuans wear nothing more than a tapa loin cloth, which they go on wearing until it is literally threadbare, and which is therefore completely saturated with the smell of their bodies.

The sorcerer then places the piece of cloth in a small clay pot, or in a hollow segment of bamboo, and slips the snake in after it. Then he carefully seals the mouth of the vessel and leaves the creature without food for several days.

Tortured Into A Mad Fury

Soon the snake begins to grow impatient in its dark, narrow prison. It finds itself imprisoned with a strange object—the fragment of cloth—and begins to bite at it in a rage. At this stage the sorcerer or his assistant begins to give a series of short taps on the outside of the vessel with a stone or a stick. Inside, the blows reverberate like claps of thunder. They madden the snake still further and he redoubles his attacks on the cloth.

This stage of the operation goes on for several days. The snake is driven to greater and greater fury until, in the depths of its instinct, it creates a link between its sufferings and the fragment of cloth with its particular smell, and attacks it all the more.

The snake's fury reaches its climax when the sorcerer takes the containing vessel and, for brief periods, holds it over a fire. For a cold blooded creature like a snake the heat is intolerable. The snake grows frenzied. The fragment of cloth is by now a mere pulp, while in its odour the snake sees the direct cause of all its woes. The whole infernal contrivance is now primed.

The sorcerer, or more often his assistant—since the operation is full of risks—now conceals himself in the bush near to a place where he

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The woman who lived in the past

by ***ARTHUR MAYSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

He knew how she felt and he wanted to help her. But what she asked him to do was sheer madness

The boy waved at him as they passed, but

JOE LANARK was gutting salmon by his boat runway when the new arrivals in No. 3 camp site, the mother and son, wandered down to the foreshore. Joe gave them a nod and a smile, his thin-bladed knife busy, his mind speculating about them in a loose-jointed sort of way. Tourists who stopped at his Canadian fishing-camp were men mostly, the beach being strong and the water too cold for bathing.

"Is it possible to get out to those wrecks?" The woman's hair was more brown than blonde, her eyes the same sea grey as the boy's. They made a good picture, the two of them, in the clear August twilight.

"It's possible, sure." Joe had answered the same question so often that his reply was automatic. Mrs. Hammond, her name was. Jane Hammond, scrawled in the office register by a hand shaky from the strain of a long day's drive. "You can run within a hundred feet of them. Have to watch the tide, though—it builds to six knots on the ebb."

The woman was looking beyond him, across a mile of water to the hulks on LaBosse Spit.

"I mean, can one land on them?" Although she spoke casually, something in her tone brought Joe Lanark's glance sharply to her face.

The answer to that was also automatic: *Not with my boats, you can't.* But he checked it, smiling up from his work, a big, tanned man in his early thirties.

"The Indians from Smoke Island used to land on them," he said. "After a couple got drowned, Chief Jacob decided the hulks were *ha-alo* and put 'em out of bounds."

"What's that mean, Mr. Lanark?" the boy inquired. "That word you just said."

"Means bad medicine, son." Joe tossed fish waste to the waiting gulls. He liked kids, and this one was all boy, with his faded jeans and shiny new sheath knife dangling from the front of his belt. "What made Chief Jacob's mind up for him even more than the drownings, he got grabbed while he was poking around out there himself."

"What grabbed him?"

"Octopus," Joe said. "He was prodding little ones for cod bait when a real old grand-daddy climbed his spear. I took him off."

If the boy's mother listened, she gave no sign. She sat, chin in hand, gazing out at the tangle of dead ships which made a breakwater against the winter gales. The hulks disintegrated a little more with each south-easter, canting a bit farther every spring tide, their ruined deck-works stark against the dulled silver of the Straits.

"I'll bet Mr. Carson would have fixed that octopus," the boy declared. "Mr. Carson has frog feet and an aqua-lung. He's getting me a spear-gun for Christmas."

"Maybe he is, Dan." Jane Hammond got up, and though her expression didn't change, it seemed to Joe that her voice carried a hint of displeasure. "Anyway, it's a long time till Christmas. Come on now."

A pretty woman, Joe Lanark reflected as he finished gutting. Pretty, and nice, too, but a woman with something on her mind. It was an odd situation, a mother and a ten-year-old holidaying alone in a place like this. If he got time later in the evening he'd stroll over and see if they were comfortable.

Between tinkering with a motor and checking late arrivals into a cabin, it was past ten before Joe wound up his day. He hesitated by his pick-up truck; he hadn't eaten since noon, and the thought of a steak at a roadside café had its attractions.

The matter was settled for him by Dan Hammond's voice, coming to him disembodied from the road which wound between tall firs to the camping area.

"Mum wants to know if you'll help us with our stove, please. Mr. Carson showed her how to run it, but she's scared of it." The boy sounded excited and aggrieved. "I'd fix it in a minute, if she'd just let me!"

"Bet you would," Joe said.

WITH Dan chattering beside him, he walked down towards the uncertain glow that relieved the gloom of the woods. On a table in front of an umbrella tent, a camp stove burned with a sooty, yellow flame.

"See?" the boy said triumphantly. "Not enough pressure. I've told her that already."

"He's right," Joe said. Flustered, with a dab of soot on her nose, Jane Hammond looked like a young girl. "You need to pump more air into it."

She frowned from the stove to him, uncertainly, and he said with his easy humour softening his voice, "It won't explode. Go on, pump it up."

The flame subsided to a blue ring around the burner. *They're all the same when it's something like this,* he thought, and for a moment was back in the past, Lieutenant Joseph Lanark with a new wife and a borrowed camp outfit, and a minesweeper ready at Esquimalt when his honeymoon leave was over.

"I'll keep a boat free for you tomorrow," he said rather abruptly, and was turning away when the woman's voice checked him.

"I was about to make coffee. Will you have a cup?"

"Well. . . . Thanks." He settled into one of the rustic chairs he had knocked together in the off-season. Dan busied himself with fishing tackle at the end of the table. With a touch of amusement, Joe noted he had switched the big sheath knife to the back of his belt where it belonged. Kids caught on fast.

"I suppose you'd be too tired to roll out at daylight?" he said. The invitation wasn't planned; something about the boy's eager intentness brought it to his tongue.

"Fishing?" Dan looked up, bright-eyed.

"Yes. If it's all right with your mother, that

Jane didn't turn her head. She looked fresh and cool in the wilting heat. Joe, in the barber's chair, felt an ache in his throat at the sight of her

is." To Jane Hammond he said: "I'd be glad of his company."

"That's kind of you," she said, voice pleasantly impersonal, hands busy with cups and saucers. "Dan is used to boats. He'll behave."

"Mr. Carson has an outboard cruiser," Dan said. "Two motors on it, big ones. Last year I caught a barracuda."

STIRRING his coffee, Joe eyed the tackle on the table. This Carson, this Mr. Frogfoot, had probably given the kid the fishing outfit. "Tomorrow," he said, "you'll maybe catch a salmon.

He turned to Jane Hammond. "Big tide tonight," he said. "A fourteen-footer." She nodded, pouring milk for Dan. They were quiet, listening to the furtive slap and chuckle of water against the drift-line, breathing the sharp iodine scent. It was an easy sort of quiet.

"That was good," Joe said, rising, and to Dan, "I'll be on the beach at four thirty, if you happen to be awake."

"May I come, too?"

Her request startled him. He said: "Yes, of course. I should have asked you. You better dress warm, though; it'll be chilly out there."

He looked back once from the road. Dan had gone into the tent, shooed off to bed, he supposed, but Jane Hammond still sat at the table. Light from a candle lay soft on her hair. She was staring out across the water, dimly starlit now, towards the indistinct line of the hulks.

The pre-dawn cold was refreshing. Alone on the beach with the eastern sky paling, Joe skidded a boat down the runway. Tide had dropped from fourteen foot to near zero. The fish should be hitting on the rise.

He jogged back to the boathouse for motor and tackle. Dan Hammond waited there, bundled in a sweater. The boy was shivering from cold and excitement. He had set up his light rod; the blades of the Christmas tree spinner rig on his leader made a muted jangle.

"Morning, Dan. Your mother not coming?"

"She'll be down soon as she finds the belt for her jacket. Mum's always forgetting where she puts things."

"Good enough. We'll load up." For an instant he had been unreasonably disappointed. He spoke heartily now, grinning down at the boy, thinking how much more fun fishing always was with a kid along. "I hope you've lots of line on that reel."

"Hundred and fifty yards. Mr. Carson says that's plenty for salmon if you handle it right."

The local tyee salmon could strip two hundred yards from a reel in a single run. But maybe it was better for a boy, as it was for a man, to learn some things the hard way. He lit a cigarette. Jane Hammond was trudging down towards them, slim in slacks and belted jacket. Taller than Myra. Her walk was different, too, and her voice when she greeted him. All different: there was nothing about this cool and slender girl that should set him so uneasily remembering his one-time wife.

NOW, the tide wind had died, leaving the sea a mirror for the morning star. "The fish will be awake," Joe said to Dan, who hunched in his pullover on the middle thwart. "Awake and hungry. D'you want to fish little for bluejacks or big for tyee?"

"Big," the boy said promptly. Joe passed him the tackle kit. "Dig out a plug," he said. "The silver one with the tooth marks on it." Jane Hammond watch smiling from the bow

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An expert with firearms, John Bache has made a mechanical rabbit—worked with springs—for back-garden target practice. One of his wartime inventions was a device which lobbed "Molotov cocktail" fire bombs

A midwife weighs a four-month-old took a similar scale to weigh birds'

John Bache gives life a boost with springs

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

From chest-expanders to jet engines, and pin-tables to pig-weighers, his coiled power goes to work. But he turned down one order—for faked scales

BORED with being shot from a cannon, an acrobat thought up a new way to entertain circus patrons. He would be fired fifty feet through the air from a giant crossbow. To get the equipment for this stunt, he approached a West Bromwich research scientist named John Bache.

Bache is technical director for a firm of spring makers, and an expert with firearms. He gave the problem careful consideration. "It can be done," Bache told the acrobat, "but I wouldn't recommend it. The crossbow could be built and equipped with springs strong enough to hurl you fifty feet. It might also drive your spine through the top of your head."

Bache explained the force that the springs would develop. A jet pilot is apt to black out at a pressure measured as 4G—four times the force of gravity. The spring-operated cross-bow would give the performer a kick equal to 15G. The circus man shook his head and went off to look for an easier way to please the public.

Bache rarely has to give such a discouraging answer to a prospective client and, as a result, springs and spring balances made by his firm, George Salter, find their way into odd places for unconventional uses. The springs range from specimens so small that a thousand of them weigh less than an ounce, to monsters weighing nearly half a ton. The balances vary from one with a limit of four ounces to a crane-weigher which is capable of measuring more than two hundred tons.

One of Bache's customers is an Arctic explorer who conceived the idea of using spring balances to measure the pulling power of his husky dogs. Bache gave the explorer balances to be fitted into the harness of each dog. These provide an exact method of choosing the hardest-working animals, as well as a test of whether each husky is pulling his own weight.

Springs are made from a wide range of materials. A short time ago, Bache was testing some made of glass. Glass springs take advantage of what seems a disadvantage—their tendency to break if overloaded. An overloaded metal spring may weaken and make a balance inaccurate without the knowledge of the operator. For certain delicate scientific weighing operations, where it is necessary to know immediately if a fault has resulted from overloading, Bache suggests glass springs.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The most widely used material in spring making is steel, coiled in a wide range of sizes and shapes. Deciding the appropriate spring is one of Bache's responsibilities. Designing weighing machines also involves solving such problems as how to hold a pig still (an adjustable pen limits the animal's movements) or how to prevent a baby falling off a scale (the midwife's pocket model has a sling in which the baby is placed).

The sling from a midwife's balance was provided for an Oxford naturalist who asked for advice on weighing baby herons. He had to carry out this work thirty feet above ground in the larches in which the birds nest. Another scientist carried a sling-equipped scale up two-hundred-foot-high cliffs in Spitzbergen so that he could weigh eggs and young birds with one hand while hanging on with the other.

Some balances that Bache designs are used only indirectly for weighing. One of these is a banker's model made for counting coins. Another is a push-pull balance used to test aeroplane controls. Aircraft makers asked for this

baby on a Bache pocket balance. A naturalist eggs when he climbed a two-hundred-foot cliff

device to eliminate guesswork in the setting of levers and pedals. The balance measures the amount of strength needed to push a pedal or to pull a lever.

In addition to springs for balances, Bache is frequently consulted about suitable types for chest expanders, dance floors and pin-tables. Once, a Cunard chef called at the West Bromwich factory with a culinary problem. As a result of his visit, the firm now makes a gadget described laconically as a "leg-puller." Spring-operated, it is used to pull the tendons out of chickens' legs before cooking.

To decide the ideal spring for a particular use or to test new materials, Bache imposes "torture" tests in his laboratory. One machine that he designed to assess strength and durability submits a spring to continuous punishment for two or three weeks.

In this time, the spring under test is made to function as many as ten or twelve million times. The critical stage occurs during the first four million. If the spring survives these, it is unlikely to fail. Few failures occur between four and eight million, and Bache has never known a spring to break once it has passed the eight million mark.

Tested For Gruelling Use

Because some springs are intended to stand up to long and gruelling use, tests must be made millions of times. In the first three thousand miles of a motor car's life, each valve spring functions at least ten million times.

So long as a spring is not overloaded and is given reasonable treatment to keep it clean and free from rust, Bache expects it to have a life that can only be expressed in millions of useful operations. At the end of the war, one of the firm's spring balances, a big crane-weigher, was salvaged from the bottom of Singapore harbour. It had been jettisoned just before the Japanese capture of the city in 1942. When fished up three years later, it was still an accurate weighing machine.

A big advantage of the spring balance is its lightness in comparison with the objects it can weigh. An eight-ounce balance can accurately measure loads up to one hundred pounds. For this reason the successful Mount Everest expedition took spring balances for weighing out each day's rations and for checking the loads to be carried by the Sherpa porters.

Export models are calibrated to cater for catties (Chinese measures of weight), okes (Egyptian), and viss (Burmese), as well as the imperial and metric systems.

One request that Bache rejected came from the manager of an African plantation, who wrote that his employees had tampered with the scales to produce an error in their own favour. Would it be possible, he asked, to have a balance made that would show less than the true weight? Bache, who takes great pains to ensure accuracy, politely declined the order.

Weight Guesser Lost £20 A Week

A customer who received express service was a weight guesser whose scales had been damaged. "Fix them as quickly as possible," he said. "I'm losing £20 a week while they are out of action." Bache had them repaired promptly—but did not reveal to the man that one of his firm's coin-operated weighing machines had earned £45 in one holiday weekend.

According to Bache, people began to weigh themselves more often following a television series on slimming. The TV campaign was followed by a marked increase in the demand for personal scales, including one pair now in the Queen's bathroom at Buckingham Palace.

Balances made by the firm are today used in sixty-six different countries. The company traces its history back to 1760, when Richard Salter operated a small forge at Bilston, Staffs. Departing from his regular work of making chapes—the pointed parts of belt buckles—he one day forged a file into a spring, which he used as a weighing device. He developed the idea and founded the spring balance industry. Later, he designed safety-valve springs for George Stephenson's "Rocket."

The firm still makes springs for locomotives, but a more pressing problem for Bache's research department is the production of springs for jet engines. These must be of special alloys, to stand up to high temperatures.

John Kenneth Bache, a lean six-footer, twelve stone two pounds, can trace his ancestry back to the original Salter. Now forty, he began tinkering with springs nearly twenty years ago while he was a mechanical engineering student at Birmingham University.

Bought Car For Thirty Shillings

He bought a 1922 Star car from a Wolverhampton breaker for thirty shillings and decided to equip it with the independent springing that was then being introduced on racing machines. Working most of one summer, he made a laminated torsion bar and tested it on the Star. A similar method of springing is used in a number of modern cars.

During the war, Bache was kept busy on military research. One of his inventions was a spring-powered device to lob Molotov cocktails at prospective invaders. Secret tests of the model were carried out on the factory roof, with Bache firing lead shot into a tea chest.

A first-class shot, Bache follows another family tradition by taking active part in the works rifle team; an earlier generation encouraged cricket and football, and West Bromwich Albion is an outgrowth of a club founded by Salter employees. To improve his marksmanship, Bache devised a mechanical rabbit in his own backyard. The rabbit, which consists of a target mounted on wheels, travels fifteen yards in two seconds along a steel cable. Bache fires at it with a .22 rifle modified to feel and balance like a twelve-bore shotgun.

With typical precision, Bache has worked out that the speed at which the bullet leaves the rifle is only two-thirds that of a shotgun pellet, and therefore his rabbit travels at two-thirds the speed of a live animal. It is propelled, of course, by springs. THE END

Bache's secretary helps him to choose colour schemes for bathroom scales. One pair is in the Queen's bathroom at Buckingham Palace

Bache (left) and an assistant test a crane-weigher, largest of the balances which Bache designs. One can measure two hundred tons

VOICE ON THE MOUNTAIN

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

It was a piteous sound: Helen calling to her son. The boy couldn't have survived alone up there through the storm. And Helen knew it

IN A FASHION, I felt I was partly to blame for the terrible thing that happened that autumn day. But for me, the Gleaves might never have visited Iredale in October. Although there is a lot to be said for taking holidays in the height of summer, up here among the fells we often get cloud and rain during July and August. Our Aprils can be dry and bright. Our Octobers are usually magnificent, the peaks and ridges purple against the blue above, the brackens orange and bronze, the daylight hours sparkling, the nights chilly.

The one drawback is that walkers must be off the fells soon after tea time, or they may go in peril of getting lost on high in the darkness.

I liked the Gleaves. They first came up in August, staying at Bank End Farm, where my neighbour, Bill Elgood, takes in paying guests. I met them when I went to help him lead his hay. They, too, were helping, in an amateur way, with little skill and big enthusiasm.

John Gleave was big, placid, square-shouldered and in his early thirties. His wife, Helen, was very slender and very fair, with long-lashed grey-blue eyes. And their small boy, Tim, aged six, was a snub-nosed wisp of perpetual energy and perpetual marvelling at all the fascinations of life.

That child was a delight. To him, all animals were friends. I noticed how he went up to a frisky Shorthorn heifer and chuckled when he felt the roughness of the tongue. The sheepdogs, the cows, even the bouncing bullocks came under his spell. As for a shearling Herdwick ewe, brought up as a pet at Bank End and christened Ada, she never let Tim out of her sight when he was playing around the farm.

I really took to the Gleaves, and said I hoped they would come again, and that was what led to telling them of our October glories.

"It sounds gorgeous," said Helen. "We just must, next year."

WHEN they came, the following October, they had Bank End to themselves, except for a lean and wiry parson, who always took his fell-walking holidays towards the back end. A fine type was the Reverend Alan Morley, and as experienced on high as any shepherd.

All four spent a day with me on the fells, helping with a gather, for I was bringing down my hoggs to separate them from their mothers and send them to the coast for wintering. Tim stuck close to me, and I never had to wait for him. A child of six, with no weight to carry and no bellows to bother him, can flit about shaggy slopes with the lightness of a butterfly.

Nearly all the while he was chattering, bubbling over with eagerness to know the whys and wherefores of everything.

On the descent to the dale, he talked about Ada. He missed her woolly attentions. Elgood had sent her off to the fells last back end, deciding she ought to start earning her keep like any ordinary Herdwick. She had lambed in April and was now on high again, browsing somewhere among the rocky pitches below the summit of Scafell.

Nearing the farm, Tim's parents came across from the flanks to join me. Helen Gleave smiled at her flushed, excited youngster.

"Tired?" she said.

He wrinkled his nose. "No fear."

John Gleave said to me: "We rather want to tackle Scafell tomorrow. Think he could manage it?"

"Easily. At his age, providing he's interested, heights mean no effort at all. There's not too much daylight to play with this time of year, so it would be as well to go the short route." I pointed at a track curving up the fell-breast between boulders and tilted carpets of heather. "That way. Aim for Horn Crag, scramble up it and follow the rising spine to the summit. Better come back the same way. Suit you?"

"Right down to the ground," Helen laughed.

A little more than forty-eight hours later, poor girl, she wasn't laughing. She was going through a private hell. . . .

THEY made the trip to Scafell and back on a Wednesday. And it was that day, possibly on the summit where they sat to eat their sandwiches, that she lost a favourite scarf. On the Thursday, next day, she decided to laze, while John and the parson went for a long trek. Tim wanted to go with them, but his father said it would be too much.

"Shall we go up the mountain again tomorrow, Daddy?" he asked.

John said: "No. It's Mummy's birthday on Saturday. Tomorrow we must drive up to Carlisle and buy her a present. What are you going to give her?"

Tim thought. "I could give her my pistol, only——"

"Only I don't think it would be much use to her, do you?"

"No," said Tim, relieved.

"What about a scarf? Don't forget she lost that one yesterday."

"How much would it cost?"

"How much have you got?"

Tim thought he had about eightpence, and his father said solemnly: "That might not be enough. You'd better borrow some money from me. We'll get her a nice scarf."

"As nice as the one she lost?"

His father smiled. "Well, I don't know about that. You see, it was her special favourite, like your pistol. But we can't go trapesing back all over Scafell searching for it. Perhaps some sheep's wearing it by now. Anyway, we'll get her a scarf, and don't you say a word. A present has to be a surprise."

"Oo, ay," said Tim, who had picked up the local expression this holiday, and was proud of it.

John Gleave and the parson set off for Birker Fell. Helen lolled in the sun with a magazine. Tim played around the farm. His brain was busy with the subject of the birthday present. It would be nice to buy her a scarf, but it would be nicer still to find her special favourite. The idea thrilled him, and he made his plans. He would have to go off on his search without her knowing, or it would spoil the surprise.

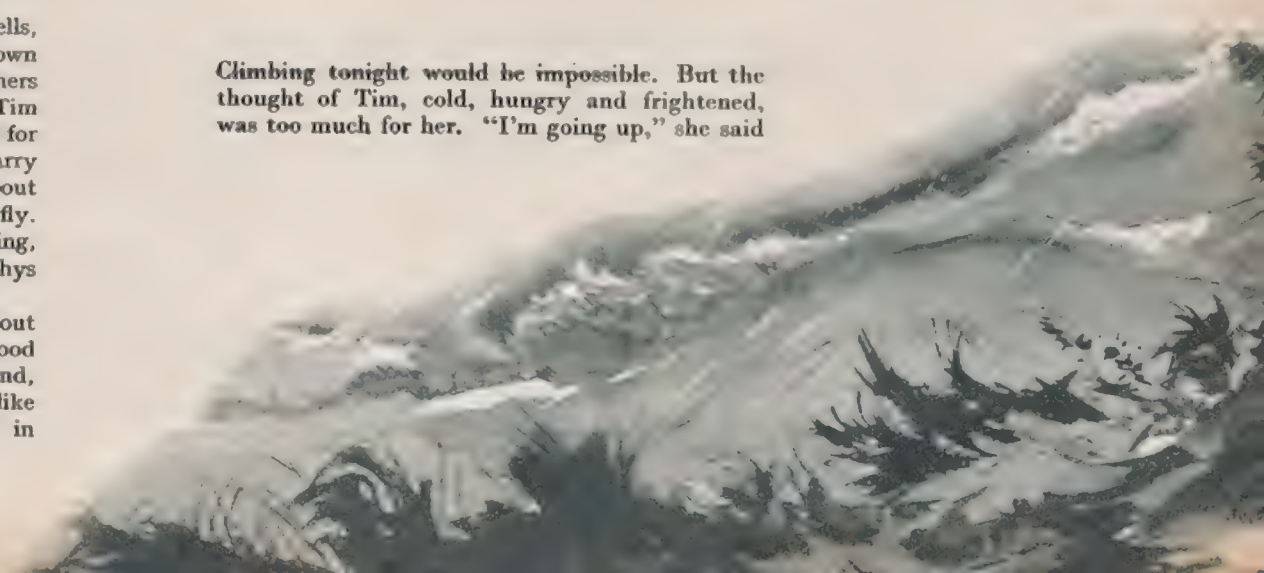
His chance came after lunch. She fell asleep in an armchair in the front room of the farmhouse. He crept through the window, hurried along the farm lane and turned left up the dale road.

He knew he could find his way. You went up that wriggly track. Then you saw a steep mountain and walked up to the top of it.

It was not until tea time that Helen began to wonder about him. When he failed to come in, she strolled through the stackyard and around the outbuildings, calling his name.

NEXT, she asked Elgood, and Mrs. Elgood, and the hired man. They had seen no sign of him. But she was not particularly worried. He might have gone down to play by the river. It was shallow at this season, and, besides, he knew how to take care of himself.

Between four and five, the weather changed. The western end of the dale remained mellow with sunlight. The head of the dale vanished behind a steely haze. I was dipping at the time, and I remember staring towards the east and wondering what weather was coming. Had it been November we could have expected a



Climbing tonight would be impossible. But the thought of Tim, cold, hungry and frightened, was too much for her. "I'm going up," she said

bitter gale and snow from that quarter. But never before in October had I encountered the like of what followed.

By five, cold gusts were moaning and sweeping down with patterings of powdery snow. John Gleave and the parson got back to find Helen really frightened about the boy. At once, Gleave got out his car, and he and Helen cruised up and down the dale, making inquiries, while the parson went out on an extensive hunt along the river bank.

They searched until dark, and by then the wind was biting, and the infrequent snow flurries had coated the road an inch thick.

They came back to Bank End, harrowed with worry.

John said to comfort her: "Perhaps he's at some farmhouse. Perhaps he's had tea there. You know how friendly he is with everybody. Perhaps they'll be bringing him along any minute."

Their hearts must have leaped for a second or two as they heard footsteps crossing the stackyard. But those footsteps were mine. Elgood was selling some beasts at Greyhaven Market in the morning, and I had a cow for auction

Continued on page 26

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Another sweet treat by Mars

'The Clever Tigress' fights a die-hard duel

by ANTONY FERRY

Mary Glen-Haig's fiery attacks and temper make her Britain's leading woman fencer. She's as highly-strung as a ballerina—and victory makes her cry

IN THE WARM, over-crowded *salle* of the London Fencing Club last year, a woman fencer named Mary Glen-Haig sat shivering in a heavy woollen blanket, waiting to face her opponents in a gruelling international competition for the C. L. de Beaumont Cup. "During the quarter-finals," one of her friends recalls, "I decided to phone for a doctor. Perhaps I should have asked her first, but I knew Mary wasn't the kind to be argued with."

When the doctor arrived, Mary Glen-Haig was half-way through the semi-finals, and in such a state of nervous excitement that she refused to be examined. The doctor had to wait until she had finished the competition and won the cup. Then she apologized to him.

"For the past three days," the doctor said, "you've been a sick-room case. Didn't you know you had flu?"

"She probably did," said her instructor, Professor Alfred Parkins, when he heard the story. "If we had more people with determination like hers, we might be able to put up real competition against other countries. Mary may *look* like a charming and amiable amateur, but once she gets a foil in her hand, she is a die-hard. In a country where most fencers look as if they just happened to be going that way when a championship is in progress, she stands out with a kind of Latin fire. No one in Britain can match her temperament."

This summer, she captained a British team in the world championships at Luxembourg. The team made a poor showing and, on their return, someone asked why.

"Why?" she said heatedly. "Why? The fact is that we didn't win. 'Why' doesn't matter."

Regained Cup After Twenty Years

Eight times since the end of the war, Mary Glen-Haig, a short and supple woman of thirty-five, with close-cropped fair hair and arresting eyes, has fought in international matches, each time winning the Tudor Rose, a silver emblem given for representing Great Britain abroad. She was twice winner of the Scottish, Irish and English titles, the winner of the 1950 Empire Games individual women's foil competition, and one of the few Englishwomen to reach the Olympic finals in fencing.

Last year she took a team to Copenhagen and regained the Anglo-Danish cup for Britain, for the first time in twenty years. This year, she is representing England again in the Empire Games at Vancouver.

Charles de Beaumont, secretary of the British

In the Lansdowne Club's fencing room, Mary Glen-Haig's opponents see her change from a good-natured woman into a determined fighter

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Amateur Fencing Association, says that Mary Glen-Haig fights her best matches when all the odds seem to be against her.

During the XVth Olympiad in Helsinki in 1952, Germany eliminated the British foil and épée teams in routine fashion in the quarter-finals. Although physically weakened by fourteen hours' competitive fencing daily, Mary Glen-Haig was determined to even the score. She fought so fervently to eliminate Nawercka of Poland in the individual events that she strained a ligament.

Instead of reporting to the medical officer, she went on to challenge Allgayer, the German champion, whose team had defeated the British. After eight minutes she had scored the necessary four points to disqualify Germany from the finals. Then she admitted her injury and was disqualified from the rest of the event because of the possibility of an accident during the match.

Moods Gave Her A Nickname

In private life, Mary Glen-Haig is known as a buoyant, good-natured woman. But in the fencing room, competitors have noted, she becomes a different person, alternating between grimness and gaiety in a way that has earned her the name of "The Clever Tigress." One of her closest friends, Beatrice Solly, says: "Mary concentrates so much that it seems she goes on fighting long after she has won."

There are few moments when she is not worrying about her fencing technique. Once, on a long train journey across the Continent, she challenged a porter to a friendly match when she learned that he had trained as a fencer. They finished up in the luggage van, duelling with broom-handles.

Members of the Lansdowne Club, off Berkeley Square, London, where she trains, still find it hard to accept her single-mindedness. "It's impossible to carry on a normal conversation with Mary," one of them says. "Every time you pause for breath, she bobs down to practise a lunge. When this has happened a few times you are inclined to believe that she isn't interested in ordinary human conversation." Occasionally, when acquaintances stop to talk to her in the street, she has passed the time by lunging at passers-by with her umbrella.

Professor Parkins insists that it is this kind of zeal that has put her in the international class. "Two or three English amateurs can beat her in the odd home match, but in a big competition she doesn't even entertain the possibility of losing," he says.

While some fencers are content to give away points to conserve their strength and gain time to test their opponents' ability, Mary Glen-Haig has no patience for such tactics. Her determination to win at all costs has sometimes been a liability.

Fought Too Fast—And Lost

One afternoon at the Lansdowne Club, she was beaten in a sparring match by a mediocre opponent. Professor Parkins, who was watching from the sidelines, laughed a little too derisively for her liking. She challenged the amateur to another round. He beat her again.

When she lost the third match to him, Parkins whispered: "This time, don't try to beat him until he has scored three points."

It was an effort for her to cut her speed, but she won four clear points after her opponent had scored his three. Her mistake had been to follow up with a real attack on the left side too soon after she had feinted a lunge to the right. The man was too slow to fall for the ruse, and was still defending his left when she got back to attack it. She was being worn out because she couldn't adapt herself to his slow speed.

"It was a difficult lesson for her to learn," Parkins says. "Her temperament won't allow her to start in low gear."

Parkins stresses that the best fencers show a perfect co-ordination of mind, eye, leg and arm. From the starting challenge of *"En garde!"* fencing calls for a series of rapid parries and thrusts, performed according to strict rules of style, with the object of scoring four out of seven hits. The target is the opponent's chest from the line of the neck to the line of the hips, excluding the arms.

Four judges and a president-assessor watch each match, awarding the right of way to the fencer who first straightens his arm, and seeing that his opponent does not seize the attack until he has successfully beaten, deflected or bound the other's foil.

"Some of the most brilliant moves," Mary Glen-Haig says, "are automatic, too rapid to be thought out. It's like playing chess at high speed. You never really stop learning."

There are two styles of fencing: the classic or French style, and the Italian. Mary Glen-Haig follows the classic style, using only the thumb and first finger to direct her foil in the attack. The Italian style, less fine, calls for the movement of the wrist to wield the blade.

Temperament is a vital part of the equipment of the best Continental foilists. Until the end of the war, Mary Glen-Haigh showed no signs of having any. Her friends knew her as a quiet, conscientious hospital worker who did a little fencing in her spare time.

"Five years ago," says Parkins, "she might have won an important match, crossed foils politely and walked off without a word."

Twenty years of unbroken training have made Mary Glen-Haig as highly strung as a ballerina. According to Parkins, she is so keyed-up that he can detect her moods and any change in her physical condition, through her foil. Any upset affects her. When her father was seriously ill recently, she competed for weeks without winning a match.

After a victory, she has been known to laugh, run to a wall-length mirror, lunge at her own reflection, and finally fling off her steel mask and burst into tears.

It was in Antwerp, in 1946, that Mary Glen-Haig first emerged as "The Clever Tigress." She had fought a hundred matches, and was battling for first place against Miss Van der Sluys, the Dutch champion, when the judges awarded a disputed point against her.

Mary Glen-Haigh flung her foil to the ground in protest. The position of the contestants was reconstructed; and still the verdict held. She shook her fist at the judges. They laughed, but held to their decision.

Rapid Thrust Beat Judges

With angry speed, she straightened her arm for the first lunge and launched a lightning attack that was so rapid that the judges had to concede the point without being able to reconstruct it.

The score was now 3—3. Without any sign of elation, Mary Glen-Haig stiffened her arm, gained the right of way, and attacked again so quickly that the judges saw her foil clearly only after it had hit the mark. This time she kept the weapon at Van der Sluys's chest and turned slowly to the judges for their agreement. When the president-assessor nodded, she began to cry. The two winning points had been scored in less than thirty seconds.

Her ability to concentrate on nothing but

Mary Glen-Haig gets a lesson from instructor Professor Parkins. "You never stop learning," she to be thought out. It's like playing chess at high speed." Fencing is seldom out of her mind. She

says. "Some of the most brilliant moves are automatic—too rapid trains for six nights a week—and judges competitions on Sundays

Always practising, Mary Glen-Haig lunges at her reflection. On a rail journey she once fought a match with broomsticks against a porter in the luggage van

the target makes her one of the purest exponents of classical fencing.

During the Anglo-Danish matches in Copenhagen last year, Mary Glen-Haigh was involved in a complicated series of moves, when a thunderous bang was heard outside the *salle*. Everyone else ran to the windows, but Mary Glen-Haig kept her opponent in the fray. For another forty seconds they fenced furiously. Then she stopped suddenly to interject, "It's only Neville Duke," and finished the match with four hits to none. The spectators had missed the final moves to watch Neville Duke fly away after breaking the sound barrier for the King of Denmark.

The Danish team captain later said that Duke and Mary Glen-Haig were the two fastest Britons in the country.

She has no patience with people who flatter her. Someone who complimented her on the Danish match received the curt reply: "Individual accomplishment means nothing. It's what the *team* does that counts."

The speed with which she fences is typical of her private life. Six days a week she is medical records officer for the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. She trains at the Lansdowne Club almost every night, and on Sundays presides at small competitions and judges amateur clubs.

She takes no annual holiday. Her free time is calculated at the beginning of the year and spread out to correspond with her fencing engagements, most of them on the Continent. Other European fencers, who are usually paid to fence by the State, are baffled by her packed schedule. She sometimes takes time off from foreign matches to visit hospitals and inspect their medical records systems.

Sometimes she is too conscientious about training. In 1953, during a world championship in Brussels, she combed the city's butcher shops for a thick steak to give her protein energy to fight. Three hours after she had eaten it, she began to feel ill. It took several Belgian doctors to convince her that she couldn't take part in the match because she had a serious attack of food poisoning.

Wore Blanket In Heat Wave

A quirk in her physical make-up makes her a better fencer during warm weather. The sight of her wrapped in a warm blanket during a heat wave in Monte Carlo had a devastating effect on the morale of other fencers there.

"Sometimes she can put in a solid week of sparring and still look physically fit," Parkins says. "Yet, when she is faced with a particularly strong opponent, her concentration sends perspiration dripping down her cheeks."

Mary Glen-Haig admits that she gets her powerful drive from her father, whose ambition to reach the first flight of competitive fencing was thwarted when he was wounded in the first World War. He gave her a foil on her fifteenth birthday and taught her the rudiments of the sport during spirited matches in the back garden. Later, while she was still at school, she joined the Fencing Section, which had been founded by her father, at the Regent Street Polytechnic in London, and took lessons from Professor Lucien Morel, a master of the foils who died after the war.

Morel laid the foundations of her style, but he did it in such a way that her first major victory came as a complete surprise. He liked to give her two lessons in the space of one, without telling her she was improving.

Suddenly, in 1937, she found herself runner-up in the Junior Amateur Championship of Great Britain. The next year she realized her father's ambition by winning the Scottish title.

After the war, she established herself as Britain's leading woman foilist by winning the amateur championship undefeated.

"From then on," says Charles de Beaumont, "it was a simple matter of acquiring Continental experience and developing her natural Scottish temper. Her outburst at Antwerp sparked it, and she has been carried along by its effects ever since."

Shortly after winning another Tudor Rose in Nice several years ago, she was invited by the Italians to stage an exhibition match in Genoa. After it was over, a party was held for her. "All the Italian masters were there, and many diplomatic and consular officials," she says. "I tried so hard to be a lively guest of honour that I almost forgot to catch my plane."

Hurriedly, her hosts presented her with a large silver trophy, packed her into an embassy car and sped her to the airport, where the plane was already warming up.

Then Mary Glen-Haig realized she had accidentally packed her passport and sent it ahead to England. Undaunted, she ran past the Customs barrier, waving her trophy.

Her name and her record were engraved on the cup, and she produced it to prove her identity, with such seriousness that the officials dispensed with the formalities. THE END

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

The doctor, the lawyer and the fisherman were Anders's friends. But one of them had betrayed him. Now, Richard knew which one

IT LOOKED INNOCENT ENOUGH: a small jar of white powder labelled 36911. But the powder was an important new explosive. Important enough for the Russians to have kidnapped a prominent Danish scientist who knew where it was hidden; important enough for Richard Parker to risk his friend's life for it. . . .

For Richard, the two days since his arrival in Denmark had been a nightmare. He had come to see his friend and fellow scientist, Anders Oersted—and learned that Anders was a prisoner in Eastern Germany. The Russians had offered to release him in exchange for the explosive, but Richard had turned down the offer. Although he was in love with Anders's sister, Helga, he could not bring himself to give the Russians a valuable new weapon.

His decision had turned Helga against him. She would do anything to save her brother's life. She was backed up by Anders's close friends, Dr. Frederik Gabel, Iver Larsen and a massive fisherman called Mogens. They knew Anders had sent Richard a map showing a house near the Swedish village of Viken. They made contact with the Russians, sent Anders a message and promised to hand over the explosive within twenty-four hours of receiving his reply.

The man the Russians sent as a go-between was Otto Severin, Anders's German assistant. Severin was badly scared; he told Richard that the rôle had been forced on him—his father was trapped in Eastern Germany—and warned him: "You, too, are in danger."

It was true. As soon as he left Severin's flat, Richard found he was being followed.

But now, his own danger didn't matter. He had discovered that Anders had made enemies in the wartime Resistance, and that one of his present friends had belonged to the Communist Resistance group. The man was Frederik Gabel.

Determined to force the truth out of him, Richard drove to Gabel's house. He found Helga there, joyful and excited. A reply had come from Anders; all they had to do to win his release was go to Viken and find the explosive.

But Richard knew the explosive was not at Viken; it was on a shelf in Anders's laboratory. He did not tell Helga; instead, he reminded her gently that they had until eight o'clock the next morning to hand it over.

"Meanwhile," he said, "I want to speak to Gabel."

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

PART 5

Frederik Gabel

THE living-room was a small, square, sparsely furnished room and in one corner, near a white-tiled stove, Frederik Gabel sat reading a medical journal. For a moment, at sight of him, it seemed a dreadful thing to accuse one

Richard pushed her down on to the sand, and they lay there watching the two men closely. One of them was Mesters. The other . . . "It can't be him," Helga whispered. "It can't be"

of Anders's closest friends of having played a part in the whole terrible plot.

Gabel closed the magazine and rose, a thin, welcoming smile pulling at his mouth.

"I heard your voice," he said. "I'm glad to see you back. I was a little worried about you."

"Were you really?" Richard said. "In spite of the man you had to follow me?"

Gabel looked at him as though he were speaking an unknown language. "What man? What are you talking about?"

"He must be here somewhere." Richard walked to one of the windows and peered out. "He's been following me ever since I left Severin, and he stopped his car when I stopped mine at your lane."

"You have been followed?"

Richard paid no attention to Helga's whisper. He was watching the doctor.

"Are you implying that I engaged a man to watch you because I doubted that you would keep your word?"

"I am implying that ever since Anders told you about the explosive, you had him shadowed in order to take the container from him; that you are working in the interests of Russia."

Gabel sat down as though a sudden weakness had seized him. All the blood left his face. "You are mad!" he said. "You are out of your mind! You can't actually think that I——"

"You were a member of the Communist Party," Richard said.

Gabel looked at him, dumbfounded. "Is that what you base your suspicions on? That was years ago. Years——"

"Which does not prove that you are not still in sympathy with them."

"Will you let Frederik finish?" Helga swung around. "You can't attack a friend of ours without giving him a chance to answer."

Gabel smiled faintly, as though Helga's intervention had restored some semblance of sanity. "I was nothing but a child then," he said, "a stupid boy. I didn't know what it was all about. I was young and naïve and impressionable. In those days anything could impress me. In my naïveté I went to see Professor Mesters, a well-known Communist, and told him I would like to be one of his students. From that moment on, he took me in hand, eased all ways for me. That was in nineteen forty-one. In 'forty-three we quarrelled. That was the end of our friendship, and I left the Party."

He spoke quietly and with a great deal of dignity, but suddenly his voice rose. "I find it disgusting," he said, "to have to explain to a foreigner things which are none of his business!"

RICHARD sighed. "Doctor Gabel," he said, and felt Helga's hand on his arm, heard her voice, "Stop it, Richard! Stop it!" and went on as though she had not spoken, as though nothing the doctor had said had made any impression on him. "When did you last see Professor Mesters?"

His question, he saw, stunned Gabel. "I don't see him. I've just told you I severed all connection with him and the Party. Certainly sometimes I can't help running into him, at a medical congress, a dinner, a meeting, but I never see him privately."

"Still, Mesters knew I was coming. Anders told only you, Larsen, Mogens and Ulla Rasmussen of my arrival. But Mesters inquired at the airport, before I got in, whether I had already landed. What is your explanation of that?"

"Mesters knew?" Gabel repeated. He sounded horrified and utterly surprised. "How do you expect me to explain that? I can't. I don't know. I have no explanation."

"Gabel," said Richard. "I know I have no means yet to make you confess the part you played in Anders's abduction, but I will not rest until I have the proof that you were the one who betrayed him to Mesters, who——"

Frederik Gabel rose to his full height. "That is enough," he said. "I think it would be wise if you left my house."

He had found out nothing. Had he really thought he could get the doctor to the point where he would say: "Yes, Parker, I am still a Communist. I went to Mesters, and he and I, with the aid of Severin and Mogens. . . ."

Richard laughed grimly at himself, and heard Helga's voice saying furiously: "Really, Richard, you must be insane!"

He had not noticed that she had left Gabel's house with him, that she was walking next to him down the lane, past the small summer homes on either side, among sunburned children, through groups of cyclists.

"You are like a man possessed, the way you act."

"I am like a man in a lion's cage who has just been told they aren't tame. Which one will attack first? Only a close friend could have betrayed Anders. Only someone who knew."

"In a moment you'll suspect Iver, too," she said. "I can't permit you to act this way. I can't have you insulting Anders's best friends. Don't you see how impossible your behaviour is? Iver and Frederik and Mogens—they have been Anders's friends for years. My friends, too. People I love and trust."

Richard did not answer. He went over to his car, got in and started the engine. For a moment Helga stood, not knowing what to do, then she got in. "Where are you going?"

"To Gilleleje," he said, "to see Mesters."

"He won't see you."

"He asked if I had already landed," said Richard. "I have to find out why he was so interested when I got to Copenhagen. Who told him I was coming?"

They were silent then, each staring ahead on to the road, seeing nothing of the changing landscape through which they were driving.

After a long silence, Helga said: "That blue saloon has been behind us ever since we left Hornbaek."

"I know," he answered. "They're very stupid

Richard saw the gun and stopped. "You don't have to ring," the man said. "You are expected"

to send the same car and the same man."

"You're really being followed. They're afraid you're going to get away with the container." She frowned sharply. "I don't like it. It frightens me."

They had reached Gilleleje. Just outside the village, a few houses stood on high cliffs, wooden steps leading up to them through the dunes. The wide, long beach was deserted.

They left the car. "It's the house with the blue roof," he said.

Helga suddenly stood on tiptoe. She kissed him. She took his hand. "What does it matter who betrayed Anders or why Mesters wanted to find out exactly when you arrived? You'll never discover anything to change the situation." She pulled him along with her towards the beach.

A few minutes, he thought. Why not?

The beach was uneven. They had to cross a few small dunes on which the grass grew. Two of them made a little hollow. They plunged into it. They stretched out on the clean, white, hot sand. They looked up into the sky. White clouds sailed above them. They could only hear, not see, the water. A gull cried.

THEY lay close to each other. For a long, long while they said nothing. Then Helga whispered: "If you love me—if you really love me, change your mind. For my sake."

He sat up. He stared ahead of him, towards the house with the blue roof. And, as he stared, the front door opened. Two men stepped out. One was using a cane. His white hair moved in the wind like the mane of a horse. The other was very tall and sunburned. He had black hair.

Richard caught his breath. For a moment he was unable to speak, he could only point. Helga's glance followed his finger. The two men were walking along the path, coming over to the beach. Richard pushed Helga down, their faces were a few inches from the sand.

Helga whispered: "It can't be him. It can't be. We must be wrong."

"We aren't," said Richard, his voice almost inaudible.

The men had passed without noticing them. They were walking along the beach. And, in the quiet, Iver Larsen's voice was unmistakable.

The two men walked to the road. A moment later, Richard saw Larsen raise his hand and wave at a chauffeur-driven car. The car stopped, and Mesters and Larsen got in.

"Richard," said Helga, "seeing Iver with Mesters doesn't necessarily prove anything."

"Maybe it doesn't prove anything," said Richard, "but I don't like the coincidence of meeting him in Mesters's company just today. Don't you see that only Mogens, Frederik Gabel and Larsen knew that Anders asked me to come? One of them must have passed on this piece of information to Mesters."

"Why do you believe that Severin didn't know you were coming?"

"I don't," he said impatiently, "but I can't check up on Severin. He's disappeared. Why do you believe that Larsen couldn't have told the professor?"

Helga drew up her legs and put her arms around them. "Iver loves me," she said, very quietly. "For a long time, now, he has wanted me to marry him. I told him how I felt about you; that I had to see you again before I could decide anything."

Richard stared across the sparse dune grass at the sea. He said, after a while: "Let's go. Perhaps Larsen is going to the farm. I must ask him why he saw Mesters today."

"I warn you," said Helga, "Iver is not so gentle as Frederik."

RICHARD didn't answer. Again, as on their way to Gilleleje, they hardly spoke as they drove back to the farm. Again the blue saloon was trailing them.

Larsen had not called at the Oersted farm, and when Richard asked where he lived, Helga shook her head. "I can't have you suspecting Anders's friends. I can't have you insulting these people who have been loyal and decent men all their lives."

"And I can't surrender the container to the Russians until I have followed every clue that might lead me to the person who instigated Anders's abduction."

Without a word, Helga got back into the car.

It was only six miles from Helsingor to Humlebaek. Larsen's was a rather big house in the style of the nineties, high above the road, the home of a rich man.

"Did he always have money?"

"I think so," said Helga; then she understood the deeper meaning of his question and grew pale with anger.

A manservant opened the door. "No, Herre Larsen had a lunch appointment at the Marienlyst," he said. "I don't expect him back before three o'clock."

Across the street lay a square of private beach fenced in by wire. A rather long landing-pier stretched into the water of the sound. On the pier a man was standing, smoking a pipe and shaking his head as he examined a small cruiser moored nearby. Now, as he heard their voices, he looked up and waved.

"It's Svend," Helga said. "He takes care of all our boats when we put them in dry dock for the winter."

The man was coming towards them. "Miss Helga," he said. "I and my wife—I don't know how to express it, but we want you to know how deeply we feel for you." He held out his hand. Helga, blushing, took it, and Richard saw that

Continued on page 40

Richard Richardson explains to a visitor how a Heligoland trap works. Birds are driven into a glass box at the narrow end, ringed, and then released

In the marshes, Richardson uncovers a reed-warbler's nest. He was once dive-bombed by a furious parent bird while examining chicks

Warden Richardson braves anything for his birds

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

He meets danger from crumbling cliffs, flooded marshes, and angry claws. As bird-spotter and guardian, he has a full-time job—unpaid

AS HE EXAMINED a bird's nest in a patch of birch scrub recently, Richard Richardson, an ornithologist, was attacked by a furious male harrier. The bird swooped down and clawed off his hat with its razor-sharp talons. Richardson hastily replaced his hat and bent lower.

"I had arrived in time to prevent a tragedy," he says. "Birds of prey begin incubating their first egg as soon as they lay it. This means that the youngest chick is often hatched out days after the first one. Sometimes the oldest will try to eat the youngest. I arrived just as this was about to happen."

As Richardson reached forward to rescue the smallest harrier, its attacker slashed his hand with its talons. Later, the wound turned dangerously septic.

Bird observation as practised by ornithologists like Richardson is often exciting. He once tried to climb down a vertical cliff to reach a raven's nest. When he was half-way there, a piece of the cliff came loose in his hand, and one of his feet lost its hold. Threatened with a sheer drop to the rocks below, he scrabbled down the cliff face, until he landed awkwardly on a narrow ledge near the nest.

Richardson, a short, sturdily built man of thirty-two with a permanent weather tan, appears to disregard danger when examining birds. He is one of hundreds of men and women who spend much of their time studying, photographing, drawing or writing about Britain's five hundred-odd species.

He specializes in drawing and painting birds, a talent which he has been exploiting since he was a youngster and first became interested in ornithology from cigarette cards. His water colours and line drawings have appeared in three recent books dealing with birds, and give him modest financial independence.

Richardson's art expeditions are spent in the quietness of thick woods and along lonely seashores. When he finds a suitable bird for sketching, he settles down to drawing, and becomes totally absorbed in the work. He once sighted an owl in a wood and sat down on an earthy mound to begin sketching. Suddenly, he was attacked by a colony of ants and had to strip off his clothes to get rid of them.

As warden of a coastal bird observatory at Cley, Norfolk, Richardson is mostly concerned with observation, but the crux of his activities is trapping migratory birds. He uses a number of Heligoland traps, large wire-netting enclosures open at the front and constructed in the shape of a funnel. When large numbers of migratory birds are resting in low scrub, Richardson advances on them and gently drives them towards the trap, which is camouflaged by branches.

When enough are grouped round the entrance, Richardson runs forward, driving them deeper into the narrowing trap until all have entered a glass box at the end. Working quickly, he removes them one by one, rings them with small aluminium rings, numbered serially and stamped "Inform British Museum Nat. Hist. London." He records each catch and waits for a future report on the bird.

This kind of work by ornithologists all over the world has provided invaluable information about birds. Out of two hundred birds of one species which Richardson ringed in 1952, three were subsequently recovered—one in east Spain, one in Minorca and one in northern Germany. Ringing has provided information on winter

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

quarters, breeding localities, migratory routes, length of life and the fidelity of birds to their mates.

Occasionally, ringing reveals the impatience and speed with which birds fly when migrating. Richardson caught and ringed a turtle dove on October 1 last year. "It was extremely late for such a bird to be passing through, and I wondered whether it was in a hurry or not. Three days later the bird was caught nearly four hundred miles away—in western France."

During the autumn migration season, Richardson expects unusual visitors. "Millions of birds are flying from the north to southern wintering places," he says, "and a strong easterly wind may drive many off course to the coast of Norfolk."

Richardson was preparing to set out for Sheringham one morning when a friend came running up. "There are thousands of Continental robins at the observatory," he said excitedly. Richardson knew that the Continental robin, a pale-breasted version of its English cousin, seldom visits England except when badly off course. The two men ran to the observatory and drove more than two hundred of the birds into a Heligoland trap.

"A robin can fly at only about thirty miles an hour," says Richardson, "and these birds had doubtless been caught by a forty mile an hour wind when trying to cross between Norway and Denmark during the night."

Mobilizes All Forces

The arrival of a rare bird at Cley excites the dozens of bird watchers in the district. About twenty enthusiasts have retired to Cley to be close to the rich bird-life of the region.

When a rare bird arrives at the observatory, it is Richardson's duty to mobilize all forces to get it identified as soon as he can. Sometimes immediate identification is impossible.

One of his friends recently spotted a small, nondescript grey-brown wader near the observatory and reported to Richardson. He called in as many watchers as he could—but no one could identify it. Several times, Richardson edged towards the bird, hoping to obtain an impression of its footprints, but the mud was always too liquid. He tried to trap the bird with a net, but it ignored the bait.

Finally, a friend, Dick Bagnall-Oakeley, crept up and filmed the bird in colour. From this, and after research into bird literature, he and Richardson decided that the wader was a semi-palmated sandpiper, an American bird. "Some time later," Richardson says, "some visiting American ornithologists saw the film and confirmed our identification. It was very satisfying."

In making his bird-watching rounds, Richardson often sees extraordinary sights. After a great storm recently, he walked through a group of sixty wild geese asleep on a tiny piece of unflooded land. "The birds were so exhausted by their great fight with the storm that they did not wake." He often finds sea birds, their plumage ruined by oil jettisoned from ships, awaiting slow deaths along the beach.

The great storm that struck the east coast early in 1953 threatened the whole of his ornithological work. His observatory was almost swept into the sea, and Richardson made a dangerous journey over flooded marshes to reach it.

He had to cross numerous breaks in banks where waist-deep water was pouring back towards the sea, across cuttings of slippery blue clay. Then he loaded a rucksack with valuable records, books and photographs, and returned safely to Cley.

Richardson emphasizes that expert handling of birds is needed to avoid causing tragedies. "Few people realize how jealous birds are of their own territory." Recently, when showing a visitor where ringed plovers were nesting, he picked up a day-old bird crouched beside a stone. He showed it to his visitor, then released it.

Both men started to walk towards the beach, but suddenly Richardson rushed back, clapping his hands. "The scared young plover had run into the next family's territory," he says, "and the male there was giving the poor little fellow a terrific hiding."

Richardson went to Cley in 1949, intending to start a bird observatory which could link up with similar stations along the coast of Britain. The Norfolk Naturalists' Trust authorized him to go ahead—without any salary. Richardson keeps himself entirely on his earnings as an artist.

He did his first ornithological illustration when he was five and living at Poole, Dorset. He captioned his picture "Great northern divers,"—and learned later that they were cormorants drying their wings.

At fifteen he began work in an office in London, but he was determined to be an ornithological artist: and, when posted to the East during the war, he spent every spare minute sketching hundreds of Indian and Malayan birds.

After the war, he made a slender living out of writing about birds and sketching them. He became successful when he illustrated a book by Richard Fitter, *Pocket Guide to British Birds*, which became a best seller in its class.

Richardson is constantly watching for ways to help birds. He was walking along the east bank of the marshes recently when he saw a large, newly hatched family of sheld-ducks on the far side of the road, heading for the marshes. Looking back, he saw a car speeding along the road. He turned and, running as fast as he could, reached the road before the birds.

The car screeched to a stop as he waved his hands. At that moment, the young ducks decided to cross the road. Waddling behind one another in a long line, they passed in front of the stationary car—to the safety of the marshes. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MISS FUDDY lived alone with her black cat, Thomas, to whom she was devoted. Thomas was an ordinary house cat, with the normal instincts of his kind: he went on the prowl for two or three days at a time, but he always returned home.

On one of these expeditions, he managed to enter Mr. Feather's pigeon loft. Feather, a fancier who lived nearby, kept both racing pigeons and fantails. Thomas killed twenty-three of the birds before Feather saw him escaping over the fence.

Feather's pigeons were valuable, and he sued Miss Fuddy for a large sum as damages.

"Thomas is a well-behaved cat," Miss Fuddy told the judge. "I have never known him to be vicious, and I can only think that Mr. Feather must have left the door of his pigeon loft open, or have done something that made the temptation too much for Thomas."

"I did no such thing," retorted Feather indignantly. "I claim that it is common knowledge that a cat has an instinct to kill birds; cat owners must control this cruel streak in their pets.

"Miss Fuddy knows I keep pigeons, and she was under a legal obligation to prevent her cat from trespassing and from giving vent to its natural desire to kill."

"Oh, dear," sobbed Miss Fuddy, "that can't be the law. It isn't fair to put so much responsibility on cat owners."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 28

VOICE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 17

there, which I was hoping he would convey in his cattle truck. I walked into the farmhouse, dabbing at my eyes, pricked to moisture by the savagery of the wind.

Five minutes later, the four of us went out in the car to look for him again. We drove down the lane to its junction with the dale road. There, under the headlights, we saw a young man plodding down the dale. He wore a wind-jacket and a rucksack, and was bent double against the wind.

I shouted: "Where have you come from?"

He crouched against the flail of the wind. "From Langdale," he said, "via Esk Hause."

"You haven't seen a small boy anywhere?"

"In a grey jersey and grey shorts?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" Helen cried. "Where?"

The young man looked at us with a sudden uneasiness. He said, half to himself: "Oh, lor'. Then that might explain." He raised his voice. It was anxious, apologetic. "I was skirting the dry ground above the Cowcove basin. I saw a little boy scrambling up that rough slope this side of Horn Crag. I thought somebody was bound to be with him, out of sight behind a boulder or a curve of the ground. Naturally."

Helen made a tiny sound. The parson said: "What time was this?"

"A bit after four." The young man turned his face away from a stinging flurry of snow. "Searching tonight would be hopeless." He blew into his hands. "I'm putting up at the Fox. If there's anything I can do, you'll find me there." He trudged off into the howling night.

JOHN's arm was around Helen. She was trying to be brave. She was whispering: "Tim up there. Alone. On a night like this." Her voice broke. "Oh, what made him go up Scafell? What made him go?"

John drew a loud and husky breath. "I see it now. Of course. He went after the scarf. Oh, God!" He managed to tell her somehow, while the parson and I, in the back seat, felt our throats grow taut with pity. What made things worse was the knowledge that nothing could be done. As the young hiker had said, searching tonight would be a sheer impossibility. And no human being could survive up there until the morning.

The best I could offer was false encouragement.

I said, without any private belief in the suggestion: "Likely he's been spotted by fell walkers up there. There's usually a few on Scafell, though not so many as on the Pike. They'd see him and take charge of him. Ay. Maybe they were going down to some other dale, Borrowdale or Wasdale. They'd take him down with them, and if they've landed up at some place where there's no phone. . . ."

"Quite," said the parson, lying splendidly, "that's what I've been thinking. If they're at some farm without a phone, they couldn't get the news through quickly." He laid a hand on Helen's shoulder. "My dear child, you're brave enough to hope for the best."

She coaxed up a ghost of a smile. "Thank you. Yes. That could have happened."

"Of course it could," said John firmly.

"As the nearest phone is the Fox," said Helen, "we'll drive down there now. There may be a message there for us."

At the Fox, we all got out of the car. But there was no message waiting for us. And the screaming wind ripped its way through the trees, wrenched off avalanches of autumn leaves and sent them rustling and whirling through the night. Spasmodic snow was granular, nearly as hard as hail. It might have been a vicious January.

Helen said: "We can't stay here. We *can't*. We must go up Scafell."

I had to be blunt. "It can't be done."

"I'm going," she said.

The parson whispered in my ear: "It's no use trying to stop her. Not in her present state. We'd better go, too. Poor girl, she'll soon realize——"

"Ay."

We drove back up the dale, parked the car on a flat bit at the side of the road and started off up the track. The wind was paralysing. It blew the breath back into our throats. Despite the difficulty of groping under torchlight up that rough trod, we had to keep our eyes almost closed against the icy stabbing.

Within ten minutes, exhaustion was too much for her fine courage. We

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brought her down to the road and helped her into the car, and the parson did what he could to offer comfort. I was more than grateful for his presence, for I could think of no word to say.

At last, when we reached Bank End, I said: "Likely this wind will be quieter by morning. I'll start off searching at six."

"If you'll meet us here. . . ." said John Gleave.

"Ay."

Some time during the small hours, the gale started to drop. I went round to Bank End through a cold, clean dawn, and the wind in the dale was no more than an intermittent breeze, though I reckoned it would still be blowing fairly hard on top. As far as I could see, the snow had been only a light covering. The sheltered hollows on Mart showed white, but the steeper, exposed crags were a glinting blackness.

THEY were waiting for me, John and Helen and the parson. We got into the car and drove along to the point where the track curls up from the dale road. In a low voice, the parson told me that search parties were going up from Wasdale and Borrowdale. I noticed that Helen had a kind of blankness about her, as if she had been drained by emotional exhaustion.

We started up the winding trod, not saying anything, and the morning brightened into an ironic splendour. Glazed grasses glittered like diamonds, and the higher peaks, first to catch the power of the rising sun, swam in light.

I saw some of my sheep, and some of Elgood's, browsing quietly. With their thick, greasy wool, impervious to any weather, they had taken no harm. Snow and ice mean nothing to them, provided they can get a snatch of herbage.

We went on up the trod until it levelled out by the verge of the Cowcove basin, that long, shallow dip spread beneath the dominance of Horn Crag.

Helen's beseeching eyes were staring at the emptiness. She began to cry: "Tim! Tim, darling!"

I shall never forget the sound of that voice calling through the high, hushed morning; it was the most pitiful sound I ever heard. The only answer that came to her was the haunted fluting of a late curlew, wheeling up from the fringe of the beck.

The long, dragging rise to the base of Horn Crag was made easier by the crispness of frost and thin snow hardening the ground. We went fast up the rock and scree leading to the summit of the Crag itself. On top there, the utter beauty must have come to Helen and John as a mockery. To the west, the lower lands dreamed lazily towards the lilac line of the Irish Sea. To the east, crags and gullies swept down darkly glittering to the upper reaches of the Ire. On a spur of rock, half a dozen dun Herdwicks were basking, and the sun behind them gave their fleeces a halo. The great array of peaks beyond might have been smiling.

John Gleave took Helen's hand. They went on past the dip of Stony Cove and up the side of the ridge, and she moved in the manner of a sleepwalker.

Half an hour later we were on the summit of Scafell, standing by the cairn. She turned abruptly to the Reverend Morley.

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes, my dear," he said very gently.

"I used to. I'm trying to now. I'm trying to for Tim's sake, not for mine. I know what you're thinking, that Tim's dead somewhere. Well, your God could make him come to life again, if He wanted to. That's why I'm trying to believe."

Decent Morley said: "Go on trying, my dear," and we moved away from the cairn, down the short, broken descent that sprawls towards Broad Stand and Scafell Pike. He and I were walking behind, and I scanned the wide fan falling away to the right, the sharp, shattered slope of boulders and splintery rocks that narrows to a beck-threaded gully.

Where the gully dips leftwards it is screened by a buttress of rock. Something pale projected from the swart base of the buttress. I made out two little legs wearing grey socks and brown shoes, and the end of a blue scarf.

The parson said chokily: "Poor little chap."

John Gleave was holding his wife, and staring blindly over her shoulder. I said: "Will you two please stay here. The padre and I will go down."

For several seconds the Reverend Morley stared down at those tiny legs. He bowed his head and murmured: "Thy will be done."

Helen turned her tearless face. "Why should it be done? Why should Tim have been taken like this? An innocent child of six, who never did a beastly thing in his life. He was all laughter and happiness, you know he was." Her voice was rising on a danger note of hysteria. "And you talk about God's will as if——"

John Gleave said, "Hush," and held her closer to him. I was wishing she could cry. It might have helped a little.

I touched Morley's arm, and we began to pick our careful way down. The other two came on after us, and that worried me. In summer, that descent is merely a matter of treading cautiously, to avoid setting the scree sliding and sending loosely perched rocks bounding away. With patches of frozen snow about, it can be moderately dangerous.

I was telling myself that the cold up here last night would have killed quickly, and that exposure usually has the merciful quality of an anaesthetic. A similar train of thought must have been running through the parson's mind, for he whispered: "I expect he just went to sleep. I hope and pray it was like that."

We came to a point some fifty feet above the base of the buttress. On account of its projection, we could yet see only Tim's legs and the trailing end of the scarf. There was a scraping noise, and a movement. For an instant I believed the impossible, until I realized that a big lamb, the size of a hogg, was emerging from behind the shelter of the buttress. It considered us with amber eyes, blared and made for a tuft of browsing on the bank of the beck. There was more scraping, and a big ewe rose to her feet.

AND then, once more, I dared to believe the impossible, and this time it was true. There was a yawning noise, and the little brown shoes moved, and up from the side of the ewe scrambled Tim.

Helen called his name. I could never describe the glory in her voice. A trifle dazed with sleep, he came scampering up towards us, and pouring out a spate of chatter.

"The wind was awful, Mummy, an' it was terribly cold, an' then I saw Ada an' her lamb, and they came down here, an' I came with them, because I thought Ada would know the best place. I went to sleep with her, an' she's as warm as anything, but she isn't half smelly."

Helen had him wrapped in her arms. He was still talking.

"I found the scarf. I did want it to be a s'prise, only. . . ."

The parson turned his head awkwardly, and looked away. I suppose he wanted to hide the fact that there were tears in his eyes. I believe there were in mine, too. THE END

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that the owner of a domestic animal may be liable for the damage it does only if it shows an unusually vicious streak, and the damage is a result of that streak. Ordinary domestic animals do not put any liabilities upon their owners when they follow their natural instincts. Thomas had done nothing unusual for a cat, and so Feather lost his case. *(This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)*

MITSINARI

Continued from page 11

knows his victim must pass. He has already made fast the clay pot or the bamboo between two roots or a couple of stones. He withdraws a short distance away, keeping hold of a thin liana firmly tied to the lid of the vessel.

The victim draws near. With a short, sharp tug, the murderer jerks the lid off. The snake shoots out, and at once its nostrils are filled by the strong, fresh emanations which the victim's body, like any human body, gives off.

The snake knows that smell: here is the enemy at last! Furiously it slides through the grass, and darts upon its unfortunate prey with all the pent-up fury it felt in its prison.

His Jungle Home

My mind filled with these alarming recollections, and my legs heavy with fatigue, I came at last to Avolé, with its dozen huts. Here, too, the inhabitants came out to give me a warm and sympathetic welcome—but I had seen no snakes on the path.

At the time of my last visit, a few months earlier, I had got the villagers to build for me, near the entrance to the village, a little shack in which I might find refuge from the paralysing promiscuity of the communal hut. As soon as the inevitable shaking of hands was completed, I therefore retired to my "presbytery." Inevitably, however, I was escorted there by several of the village worthies, who would have thought it impolite to grant the one thing I wanted—to be left alone.

I was utterly exhausted. After all those climbs and scrambles over tortuous goat tracks beneath a blazing sun, I felt I had neither breath nor an ounce of energy left in my body. The only thing to do was to stretch out at full length on the wattle-strewn floor.

With a hand clammy with sweat, I unbuttoned my shirt to bare my chest to the air, and then, flat on my back, with eyes closed and arms flung out in a cross, I waited for strength to return. My guests, meanwhile, squatted all round me, and filled in the time by lighting a pipe with the piece of tobacco I had given them.

I was already drifting into a dream when dreadful cries jerked me back into wakefulness. I opened my eyes: my companions were melting away like fleeting shadows through the door, and even through the walls.

I should perhaps have felt annoyed at such unceremonious behaviour, but I could not help smiling—until, happening to glance up, my smile froze on my lips. For there, less than two feet from my face, the head of a snake swayed slowly to and fro.

It was at least six feet long, as thick as a man's arm and gun-metal grey in colour, with a reddish stripe running from the large, flattened head to the tail: it was, in fact, one of the worst reptiles in the country. The lower part of its body was still wrapped round the central roof beam, but I could see its scales gleaming in a faint undulation. It was on the move! Inexorably, its venomous jaws came near my face.

At that moment I really thought that I was done for, and that the sorcerers had won. Desperately I prayed inwardly to my guardian angel. For what could I do? If I moved an inch the snake would uncoil like a spring. If I remained motionless it would continue its advance towards me.

There was only one solution—to sham death. I closed my eyes again, for fear that the animal might be stirred by the gleam of the pupils. And I lay like a log.

There followed several minutes of pure horror. At any moment I expected the fatal blow; I was afraid of stiffening, afraid even that the sound of my thumping heart would arouse the creature. The nightmare seemed to last for ever.

Suddenly, I felt the impact of a cold yet living body on my bared chest. I made a superhuman effort to remain quite still. It was the head of the snake.

The head began to turn from left to right, slid under my turned-back shirt towards the left sleeve, then, finding no outlet there, returned with a languid movement towards my chin, brushed lightly against my beard, paused by my ear and finally slid over my shoulder. I felt like screaming with anguish.

Next I heard a smacking thud on my right, and then some heavier object began to pass with icy ripples over my chest: the tail of the snake, detaching itself from the beam, had fallen to the floor and the creature was slowly squirming its way towards a large crack between the wall and the floorboards.

Hit Back At Snake

After being frozen with horror a moment before, I was now suddenly filled with rage. All I could feel now were the final twists and turns of the snake's tail. My right hand closed round my travelling staff, which I had let fall beside me, and I braced my muscles.

I chanced a quick, sidelong glance; the head of the snake had already disappeared into the crack. I jerked myself in one movement on to my left side; my right hand, clutching the stick, descended in a rapid curve, and at one blow I broke the snake's back.

Even then, it continued to squirm; but it could no longer raise its head. I seized the tail and, jerking the creature out, dragged it to the centre of the village, where the villagers were watching from their huts, wide eyed with fear.

I think I must have lost my head a little. "No!" I shouted. "No, it didn't get me! You can go and tell that to your sorcerers. . . . See for yourselves! I had the power of God with me, and God is stronger than your sorcerers. . . ."

Then I ground the snake's head to a pulp.

Once more back in my hut, and a

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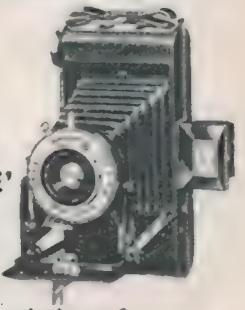

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little calmer, I reproached myself for my moment of anger and the words I had addressed to the villagers. Was this second encounter with a snake to be blamed on the sorcerers, or was it simply a coincidence? Even today, that is a question I cannot answer.

What I do know, however, is that in the five other villages which I visited during that particular trip, I was attacked in one way or another by snakes. This was more than merely unusual, for one never meets with snakes in such numbers in the mountains, certainly never at such frequent intervals.

I found them in my blankets, among my spare shirts, even among the sacred vessels for celebrating mass which I carried. And, if they were sorcerers' snakes, could it have been that my regularly laundered clothes were not sufficiently impregnated with my body odour to excite them against me? Again, I cannot say. I only know that on each occasion I managed to kill the snake. And that, in itself, was unusual.

The Papuans themselves did not feel the slightest doubts about the matter. The entire valley followed my movements day by day, and the Papuan bush telegraph was constantly in operation.

"Don't Move An Inch!"

I had one final proof at Baula, where I had a very narrow escape. Having taken up quarters in the communal hut of this high village, I had stretched myself out in a native net, the ends of which were attached to the heads of two bundles of stakes erected as supports. It was late in the afternoon, and I was talking with the "Kis," the native catechist, and with several chiefs, who were telling me how impressed the people were by my encounters with the snakes and how the sorcerers were cautiously lying low.

Suddenly, they abruptly stopped talking and grew still, all gazing above my head. Then, Casimiro, the "Kis," murmured almost without moving his lips: "Look out, Father! . . . Don't move. . . . Two little black snakes are climbing up one of the supports of your hammock towards your head. . . . Don't move an inch."

I remained quite still, in an exceedingly uncomfortable position.

Casimiro's voice went on: "They are among the tops of the stakes, they seem to be playing together. . . . Probably a male and a female . . . that makes it dangerous . . . stay still."

Then, after another agonizing pause: "Father, take hold of my knife gently. When their heads come round the other side of the stakes, I will tell you. . . . Then, strike quickly!"

Knife Found Its Mark

Slowly he held out towards me his long hunting knife, which by an imperceptible movement I gripped.

"Where are they now, Casimiro?"

"Their heads are swaying towards you."

I remained as still as a rock.

"They are weaving their way through the tops of the stakes. . . . Get ready. . . ."

Another pause, and then—"Strike!"

Violently, I spun round. The knife found its mark, and severed the two snakes as neatly as a gardener with his billhook lops a pair of branches.

We all drew a deep breath.

"Father, once more you have shown you are stronger than they are. . . ."

"No," I said, "it was not I. . . ."

"No, of course, not you, but *Di Babé Deo*—God our Father!"

As I returned to Fané, stumbling alone down the green and twisted tracks, I reflected on all the incidents that had marked this unusual trip. I had successfully maintained my rash challenge, with God's grace. The influence of the sorcerers had received a severe setback—although not a total one, for superstition seems to be anchored deep in the heart of man, and the Papuans are only just emerging from a way of life poisoned by thousand-year-old superstitions.

But, at least, my escape must have

"Coming right down, dear"

severely shaken the power and prestige of the witch-doctors. I had proof that their attempt to revive the old pagan customs in this valley almost entirely converted to Christianity had completely failed. . . .

Now, once again, as I faced the cannibal warriors, my life was in the balance. I continued to advance, smiling and sweating, towards the howling, dancing mob. Joyfully, as though in greeting, I waved my travelling stick—my only weapon, for missionaries travel unarmed. If I had had a rifle at that moment the temptation to use it would have been too great.

A few spears and arrows flew in my direction. But such missiles are not like bullets. One can see them coming, and dodge. I must confess, however, that I entrusted myself with all the fervour I could muster to my guardian angel.

The Magic Mirror

Then I advanced once more, waving a friendly but shaking hand, with smiles at once sickly but amiable, and forcing through my dry throat the glad cries of one who has stumbled upon old friends.

Arrows abruptly ceased to hum past my ears, spears were lowered. The bellowed chant and the frenzied leaping slackened. As if turned into stone, the warriors watched my approach. Some of them even fled.

In this fashion I managed to get up to one of the leaders of the dance. I had in my hand a cheap little round mirror, and I thrust this under his nose. He looked, and raised a loud cry of astonishment at seeing his face in the hollow of my hand, having never seen it before except possibly in a pool of water. Other warriors crowded round him, roaring with laughter, then snatched the mirror for themselves and began crowing with pleasure at their own reflections.

Suddenly, a chant quite different from the first swelled out amid an unbelievable uproar. It was a song of welcome.

A man whose dignified bearing had impressed me from the start and who was neither armed nor painted, put his arms round my shoulders. He pointed to his hairy and powerful chest and said: "Golopouï." It was clear that he was the chief, and that he was telling me his name. In so doing he was, in Papuan style, giving himself into my hands.

"Mitsinari"—missionary—I replied, pointing to myself.

The introductions had been affected and contact established. I had been adopted. But it had certainly been touch and go.

In the midst of the general turmoil, Golopouï maintained the calm of a great chief. He led me, with his arm still about my shoulders, to the communal hut—which was at once a town hall, palace and club open to all guests and visitors. Actually, this building was no more than a hut slightly larger than the rest.

We climbed the twisted slats which served for stairs to the floor of the veranda, where I was invited in sign language to stand and face the warriors, who had remained below.

Golopouï then held the floor. I did not understand a word of his speech. While speaking, he permitted himself certain familiarities, quite innocent from his point of view, but extremely embarrassing from mine, which were meant to demonstrate to the villagers that I was in all respects like themselves.

At every sentence, at every gesture, the warriors bellowed enthusiastic applause. Finally, having exhausted his fund of eloquence, Golopouï draped himself about my neck, laid his head on my chest, passed his hands along my body, then sniffing as though weeping for joy, he raised his head and rubbed his nose against mine.

This was the great accolade of welcome in his village. At this point the rest of the warriors swarmed all over the veranda, yelling like madmen, jostling to seize me in crude but friendly embrace.

Golopouï soon resumed his discourse, but this time he addressed his words to the air. Perched on a boulder at the edge of the tiny plateau on which his village lay huddled, with one arm crooked round his head, his mouth open wide like an oven door, his chest heaving with the effort and his feet beating out a sort of samba rhythm, he bellowed in the direction of the wooded slopes which ran down almost vertically on every side of this look-out. Here was the Papuan telephone in full play.

It was not long before I knew the meaning of his message. Soon after, the women appeared one by one. At the alarm given when I was sighted in the valley, they had rushed to the shelter of the forest, taking with them their family possessions, their children and—as precious as their children—their pigs. At the chief's injunction, they had come back with belongings, pigs and children, still timorous, still not entirely reassured, and presenting a spectacle which would have caused a feminist to wince.

Necklace Of Bones

Small and thick set, their clumsy bodies were clad in nothing more than a tiny apron of cords which swung beneath their distended bellies. Their large breasts hung lamentably slack. Their buttocks were enormous in proportion to the rest of their figures, and their legs were match-stick thin. Their skins were dark, covered with patches of filth and scabs from imperfectly healed wounds. Round their necks, some wore human bones—pelvises, vertebrae, tibias or withered hands and feet—macabre relics of their dead husbands, sons or near relatives.

Without daring to glance up at the fantastic apparition which I must have seemed to them, they filed past me laden like pack mules. Enormous net carriers of plaited rope, suspended from their foreheads by a leather thong, swung heavily on their backs. They were filled with vegetables—sweet potatoes, taros, yams, wild marrow, green bananas—and with firewood, thick bamboos filled with water, and little bark pouches containing the family possessions.

On top of the huge net, which was often bigger than the woman who carried it, a baby would be perched, yelling for dear life, its tiny fingers twined in the woman's short hair for support. Other women carried small pigs or puppies in their arms.

They dispersed to their respective huts, followed by the grunting pigs, the whining dogs and the little naked boys and girls with blown-out stomachs and match-stick legs.

During these proceedings, Golopouï, who had come back to sit by me on the veranda, barked out an order. His words were immediately taken up by all the warriors, and when each man had shouted his fill a few ran to the back of the huts. I heard more shouts, indignant snorts, then high-pitched squeals.

Soon after, two warriors reappeared bearing a fairly large pig, tied by its feet to a rod. They threw the pig before me and then felled it with such a blow of a club that the creature's brains were spattered at my feet. This was their token of welcome.

Carved Up The Pig

Two elderly men who had been sitting on each side of Golopouï approached the pig with dignity, armed with bamboo knives, and set about carving the animal according to traditional ritual.

First, a large segment was cut from its side. This was their chief's portion, which in this instance was meant for me. Then they severed the legs in such a way that a last spasm of the still vital nerves caused the joint to leap clear of its own accord.

I felt a slight shudder. I knew that human bodies were carved up in this way. And, after all, I could well have been in the same plight as the pig was now.

Many tall stories have been told about adventures with cannibal tribes. Often these are embellished with cleverly faked photographs—but their authors have barely stirred beyond the frontiers of civilization.

The reality, however, is none the less terrible for all that. For cannibalism is still practised even today in New Guinea. Personally, I have never taken part in a meal of human flesh. Yet the numerous facts which I have been able to verify leave no doubt that these abominable customs are still in force.

Daubed With Soot

Once, I was on one of my usual journeys in the frontier zone between the Fuyughés and Tawadés. I had set up my headquarters in a little hut-chapel, from where I could reach several tribal groups.

One day, a delegation of Tawadés came to see me. They were daubed from head to foot with black soot, the sign of mourning, and one of them, an old man, was carrying a large package of banana leaves, carefully tied up with lianas. The package gave off a frightful stench.

Gravely, the old man laid the package at my feet, then looked me straight in the eye and began to speak with great animation. I could not understand what he was saying. Fortunately, the catechist who was there knew the Tawadé tongue.

"They have brought you this," he said, pointing to the packet, "so that it may speak to you. . . . Open it."

With my knife, I cut through the lianas: the leaves sprang back, the appalling smell became unbearable, and with revulsion, I saw a human arm, smoked and dried, and half rotten.

"The Tawadés have brought you this woman's arm," the catechist went on solemnly, "so that you may see that the people of their tribe are still killing and eating one another. They

I always take a back seat!

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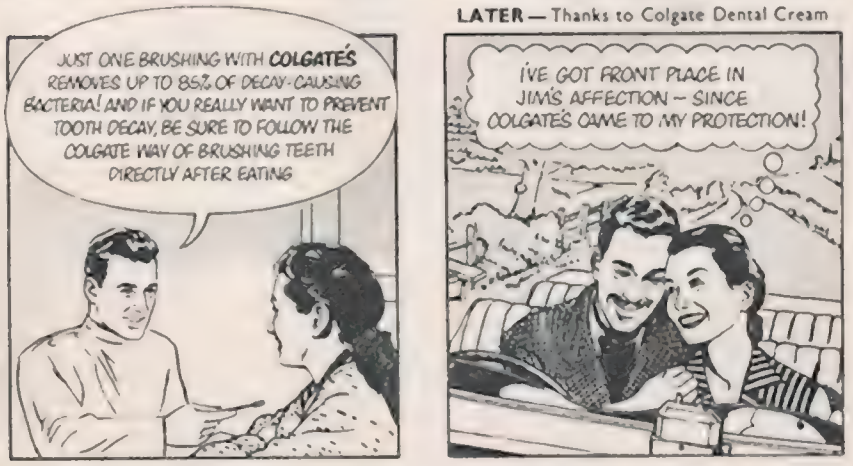
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hope that this sight will make your heart sore, so that you will go and live among them, as you have lived among us, and bring them the Peace of Jesus."

My heart was indeed sore. Later, I learned the full story of the woman's arm, and I can guarantee its authenticity. For, knowing the difficulties of obtaining trustworthy information from my primitive parishioners, I made a painstaking and detailed inquiry, interrogating witnesses separately, then confronting them, going over their reports again, and comparing their assertions.

What had happened was this. Many years previously, the people of the Kateïpé tribe had raided the territory of the Tawadés and had carried out a large-scale massacre. Among their victims was the chief of the village of Kiavaïtumeta.

The causes for the raid remained obscure: they probably arose from some vendetta whose ramifications stretched back into the dim, forgotten past. But because of the murderous and unending rule of the vendetta system, the son of the assassinated chief swore to avenge his death.

Invited To A Dance

Many moons passed. But a Papuan never forgets such an outrage. Sooner or later, he avenges himself, either by his own hands, or through his children or even his children's children.

Then came the day, long after the killing of its former chief, when the Kiavaïtumeta clan organized a big dance. Invitations and friendly gifts of tobacco were sent out to several tribes —including the Kateïpé tribe.

No one had any illusions about the significance of this invitation. But the men of Kateïpé were sure of their own strength, and they had to keep up their reputation as great warriors. Therefore, accepting the challenge, they came in a large group, adorned with their finest plumes, their faces painted with reds and yellows, armed with spears and clubs, and bringing their women and even their children as was customary.

The celebration, which lasted several days, was an agitated and stormy affair. The other guests, who were mostly Tawadés, also knew the motives behind the invitation of the Kateïpé villagers, and were ill at ease. Lost among this savage multitude was also a small group of Christian Fuyughés from Koné, who anxiously commended themselves to God's keeping each evening.

Angered Their Hosts

As for the Kateïpés, in order to show that they feared nothing and could safely flout the hosts, they made themselves impossible—throwing the dances into confusion, ignoring questions of precedence, chasing the women, and stealing the vegetables displayed on raised platforms for public admiration. What was a more serious crime, they killed several large pigs which the people of Kiavaïtumeta had been fattening up for years for this particular celebration.

At this, the anger of the Kiavaïtumetas reached dangerous height. The warriors met secretly in the communal hut and, at an agreed signal, rushed into the central clearing of their village, brandishing their weapons and shouting terrible threats.

As it happened, a native policeman was present at the time. There was nothing surprising about this. For in the villages the policemen were merely those whom the Australian Government officers had chosen as their representatives as they passed through on their expeditions. Often they were "policemen" in nothing but name.

At first, the Kiavaïtumeta policeman shared in the rising anger of the warriors; but suddenly a consciousness of his own dignity and position came back to him, together with a recollection of what the white officials had threatened to do to him if war broke out in his tribe. He therefore suggested that the matter should be settled by a palaver.

Everyone gladly welcomed this proposal, since no one wanted to see the festivities spoilt by a premature outbreak of hostilities. The palaver therefore began, and with considerable courage, while maintaining a defensive attitude, the Kateïpés also took part.

With chest thrown out, the policeman was solemnly propounding his tribe's case when a young Kateïpé warrior, overcome by a fury too long repressed, leaped upon him and began to bite and tear at him. His companions, aroused by this action, also rushed forward yelling and brandishing their weapons, and hurled themselves upon the counsellors.

Instantly, the central clearing emptied itself: with the policeman well in the lead, villagers and guests alike fled into the nearby forest. The Papuans are like that—unable to meet an abrupt, frontal attack.

But one young woman, who was feeding her baby in a corner, was unable to flee in time. Drunk with the desire to kill, the Kateïpés surrounded her. A spear transfixed her breast, another her stomach. As she fell, one of the warriors tore the baby from her arms, and holding it by the feet, split its head open with a single blow of an axe.

The tumult reached a frightful pitch. The Kiavaïtumetas, having recovered from their initial panic, flooded back into the village with the other guests, and drove the Kateïpés back against a palisade.

Among the guests was the husband whose wife and baby had been murdered. When he saw what had happened a frenzy possessed him. Seizing his axe, he cut off his wife's right arm (it was the one that was later brought to me) and then, with a long war cry, he and all the members of his tribe hurled themselves upon the murderers of his wife and child.

Massacre In Jungle

The Kateïpés, who until that moment had boldly confronted their assailants, reeled under the shock. Terrified they fled into the undergrowth. Their women, crazed with fear, had already fled. And now, like a maddened herd, men and women, pursued by spears, arrows and cries of death, raced blundering together along the lower slopes of the mountain and vanished into the forest.

But they were not quick enough. Several fell, transfixed. The women, to gain more speed, flung their children to the ground because they hampered their desperate flight. They were soon trampled underfoot by the pursuers, or picked up and hurled against a tree, to have their backs broken.

In this way; nine Kateïpé warriors, two women, and several children were struck down. The rest managed to escape massacre because night was falling, and the pursuers began to fear a possible ambush. Therefore, the Kiavaïtumeta people and their friends tied the dead by the hands and feet to long poles, and returned to their village.

Reeling with the intoxication of battle, hideously smeared with blood, they danced around the corpses of their enemies which swayed grotesquely from the long carrying poles. From time to time they plunged spears still warm with blood into the sagging

"*I'm* not lost—my parents are!"

"I have had phenomenal luck with my garden this year—not a thing came up"

bodies, uttering cries from which all vestige of humanity had disappeared.

Arriving at the village, the women lit fires over which they heated long flat stones, while the young men went off in search of large scented leaves. Then the women took wooden tongs and carried the heated stones into trenches in the ground. Once these primitive ovens were prepared, the men threw into them the corpses of the Kateïpés, still covered with dust and blood.

Next, over the piles of human flesh, already emitting a faint sizzling sound, they heaped great armfuls of leaves. The cannibals then squatted round the ovens and began to sing their soft and tender evening chants.

When the bodies were cooked they cut them up, shared the pieces with their guests, and set about their horrible banquet. The pigs were not forgotten, but were also given choice morsels so that they would grow fatter. The only ones present who, with some courage, held themselves aloof were the Christians from Koné.

When the bones of the dead had been sucked clean to the marrow they were thrown to the dogs, and the women went off by torchlight to fetch water in the cleaned and empty skulls. They were all thirsty after the heavy meal of meat.

The banquet ended; the Tawadés, drunk with human flesh, severed the limbs of their own dead, tied them round their necks, and then danced in their honour until dawn. . . .

Sentries Gave Alarm

Now, as the guest of Golopouï, the cannibal, I was watching the village women-folk as they prepared the oven made of stones where, together with the vegetables, the joints of pork from the newly slaughtered pig would be cooked, still in their hair and skin, soiled with dust and mud. A second shudder ran through me, of mingled disgust and terror. For that was also how human bodies were cooked.

Suddenly, cries of alarm shrilled from one end of the village to the other, increasing my own qualms. Then, immediately, I realized what had happened. My boys, endowed with the keen sight and the sixth sense of the primitive races, had followed all the stages of my dealings with Golopouï's warriors. They must have realized that all was well, and decided to join me.

But being coast-dwellers, and already conditioned to the sense of security bred by peace, they had omitted to warn of their approach by giving the appropriate cries. Hence the alarm, given by the watchful sentinels.

Already the warriors were leaping to the arms which they had laid down, as always, near at hand. Already, the women were crying out with renewed panic and preparing to take flight. Turning to Golopouï, who had risen at the same time as I had, I grasped him by the shoulders and with frenzied gestures attempted to make clear to him that these were my men, that there were only three of them, and that there was nothing to fear.

He understood at once. I had guessed him to be quick-witted, and here was proof of it. With a lightning leap he threw himself into the midst of his men, and began cursing, threatening, shaking and even hitting them. In a few minutes, calm was restored to the village, and my three innocent companions, all unaware of the drama, staged a smiling entry.

The Warriors Panicked

Meanwhile, this succession of events had made me hot under the collar in a very literal and increasingly uncomfortable fashion. My clothes consisted of a singlet, which had once been white, and a pair of khaki trousers. Both were wringing wet with sweat. Dusk was not far off. The air was getting fresh and I could feel the coolness of the heights settling on my shoulders and creeping along my back.

One of my boys had the small pack which held my clean clothes. I asked him for it, and went into the communal hut to change. The warriors at once crowded in after me. They were curious, naturally enough, about every move I made.

There was nothing left but to change in public. I therefore began to strip off my singlet, which was sticking to my body with perspiration. At once there were cries of terror, and as I struggled to pull the singlet over my head, I saw warriors fighting to get through the narrow entrance of the hut. Others decided it would be even swifter to make an exit through the walls—which, fortunately, were made of leaves.

Alarmed at this sudden panic, I hastily pulled my singlet on again. Yet every one of that savage and intimidating band, who braved death daily, had vanished in the mad helter-skelter. My boy, who alone had remained, looked as mystified as myself.

It was then that I noticed Golopouï in a corner of the hut. He was literally doubled up with laughter, and his eyes, when they met mine, were sparkling with mischief through the tears of mirth. What could possibly have happened? For if Golopouï was still there, rocking with laughter, surely all was well.

It was only later, when I began to get a grasp of the tribe's language, that I discovered the cause of the panic-stricken flight.

When I had started to take off my singlet, they had thought that, like the great spirits of the jungle, I was sloughing my skin!

NEXT WEEK: I see a display of witchcraft that defies explanation. "Mitsinari" by André Dupeyrat will be published as a book on August 23 by Staples Press Limited, at 15s.

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THE WOMAN WHO LIVED IN THE PAST

Continued from page 13

seat. "Put that one on and a four-ounce lead."

Dan fingered his Christmas tree lure doubtfully. "Mr. Carson says——"

"Mr. Carson has never fished here," his mother told him. She said to Joe: "Mr. Carson is our most-quoted authority."

Joe revved the motor. Prying into the private lives of the guests was no part of his business, but he was getting more than a little tired of having Mr. Frogfoot's dictums thrown at him.

MIST lay along LaBosse Spit, shrouding the hulls of the three destroyers completely, revealing only the steep-tilted clipper bow and foremast stub of the barque Windermere. Joe set his course by the foremast. They ran gently through the grey dawn, north-east into the Straits. Porpoises rolled along a horizon that grew more distinct by the minute. A seal bobbed his sleek head in their wake, and from far out came the windy soughing of blackfish. The salmon hunters were astir, but still no trace of salmon.

Joe slowed the motor to trolling speed. Line ticked off the boy's reel. "Hold it there," Joe ordered. "And get set."

This was the loaded hour. Smaller salmon fed at intervals all day, but in these inshore waters the big fellows, the tyee, were active only at morning or evening dusk. Dan's rod tip undulated in slow and steady rhythm to the waggle of the lure. The boat crept, nosing over ten-fathom depths a quarter mile out from LaBosse Spit and the misted hulks.

Joe studied the boy, drawn to him strongly, sensitive as always to the magic, the tingling and almost ominous tension of the moment.

Jane Hammond was looking past him with a curious, fixed regard. In spite of himself, Joe glanced over his shoulder. The vapour was lifting, the hulks swinging clear. He saw the rust-red hulls of the three destroyers that cruised in line along a ribbon of sand undercut by every tide. The outermost destroyer shrugged the last of the mist from her foredeck; her weather bow with its tall white numbers showed clear.

"*Got one!*" Dan's heels thumped the bottom-boards, his high squeal merged with the clamour of line racheting off the spool. Gunning the motor, taking out after the speeding fish, Joe saw metal flash bare as the last of the line melted from the spindle.

Dan was on his feet, yelling, the tip of his hooped rod under water. Joe grabbed the boy's sweater in time to save him from the Straits.

The line parted. Dan subsided to the thwart, gaping at a reel that smelled of burned grease and a rod that would never be straight again.

"He got away," the boy said dully.

It was a time for diplomacy. "You handled him fine," Joe consoled him. Inshore, towards the hulks, the rose-stained water erupted. They saw the silver plug arc high. It landed to float amid eel grass uprooted by the rampaging tyee.

"This one's a gentleman," Joe said. "They don't always toss it back to you."

Dan wasn't going to cry after all. His shoulders were pushed back, and his round chin, so like his mother's, was set.

"Mr. Carson was wrong," he announced grimly.

Jane Hammond laughed. "Well, I never thought I'd hear that!"

A good laugh. It warmed Joe better than hot coffee. For this moment, at least, she'd got out of the place where she lived alone and lonely.

He recovered the derelict plug, secured it to the wire leader of his own trolling outfit and passed the rod to Dan. They eased on along the Spit, the sea around them flushed with sunrise, motor pulling harder as the making tide flexed its muscles. A half-hour passed, an hour, and no more strikes. The king salmon wouldn't hit again till late evening.

BUT there was no point in taking the edge off the boy's fun by telling him so. Joe poured milk for Dan, coffee for Jane and himself. They had drawn level with the end destroyer. Jane studied it, the freshening breeze in her hair.

"Not a bad way for a ship to end," Joe said. "Better, I think, than in a scrapyard. The sailing ship there, the Windermere, broke her own record, Melbourne to San Francisco, three trips in a row." He swerved the boat to avoid a patch of floating weed, held on the new course till they skirted the edge of shoal water, the hulks looming high and near.

"Those tin cans, now," Joe said. "They fought in the first war and came out of mothballs for the second. You take the end one, the Leonidas." Carelessly, almost sure of the answer, he said: "Big name for little ship, eh?"

"No!" The flush in Jane Hammond's cheeks wasn't make-up or morning sun. "She was as big as her name, Mr. Lanark!"

"I've a feeling for that ship, too," Joe said. "You can see how her stern

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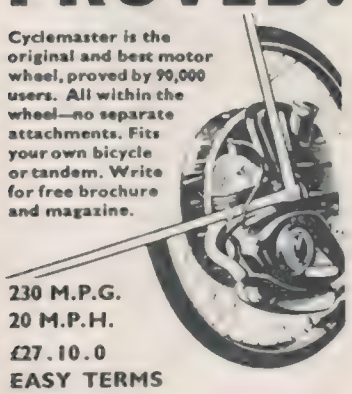

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is crumpled. We were next in line to her when she took that one. A kamikaze, off Okinawa."

"I know," Jane said. She was looking not at the battered, rusty destroyer, but at him, as if she were really seeing him for the first time. "You were navy?"

"Yes. Royal Canadian. We weren't in on that show, but I was along as an observer." Dan was three-quarters asleep where he sat. The early rising had caught up with him. Gently, Joe disengaged the rod from his hands and reeled in. The boy smiled at him through a yawn, then slid to the bottom-boards.

Joe said: "Leonidas was dead in the water, but she wouldn't quit. She nailed two more suicide planes as they crossed her, the neatest double I ever saw. I don't know if he got it, but her skipper earned a good ribbon that day. They say he saved a carrier."

"He got his ribbon," the woman said quietly. "Commander Hammond was my husband. It was a posthumous award."

So he was right about that. Joe looked away, shoreward, at the gaunt fighting ship which had been great once, but was now no more than a bone for the tides to mumble. He should stop here, let it go, switch the talk to fishing or the look of the mountains, or the trials of a camp operator's life.

But something in him, deep sympathy or perhaps only his own need, forced him on.

"The way I was feeling," he said, "I'd as soon the Jap had landed on me. You remember those 'Dear John' letters? That's what we used to call 'em. Maybe they still do, but I'm out of touch. I got one from Myra."

"Your wife?"

"Uh-huh. We'd been married two years when she walked out on me. We had three weeks together, in all."

"We were luckier," Jane said. "We had three months. He never saw Dan."

She waited, silent, with hands clasped around her knees, while Joe shed his heavy sweater, folded it, and slipped it under the boy's head.

"Joe," she said, "I want you to land me on his ship."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "Morbid sentimentality, I suppose. That's what Jim Carson tells me. It's . . . it isn't something I can explain."

"A mistake," Joe said. "Your friend Carson is right. I bought Tyee Point because Myra and I used to camp here with our people when we were children, once by ourselves after we were married."

Morning chop was flecking the amethyst of the Straits with white. He swung the boat's nose in an easy half-circle, pointing in for the lee of LaBosse. "You can't live in the past. I've learned that. Soon as I find a buyer for the Point, I'm moving on."

Her chin was stubbornly set. She wasn't the crying kind, either. She said: "I had a hard time tracing Leonidas. They seemed to have lost all record of her. Finally, Jim Carson located her through his connections at Washington. It took years." She leaned towards him, her low voice earnest. "I want Dan to have a good holiday. We're not together as much as we should be. But the other was my real reason for coming here. It's very important to me, Joe."

"You'll both have a good holiday," Joe said. "I want you to, believe me. But make it just that, Jane. She's not his ship, not any more. You won't find anything of him there. Only rust and weed and rotten plates ready to drop you through. Or the whole ship might let go, just slide over as one did last summer."

"Then you won't land me on her?"

"I'm sorry. No."

He regretted the refusal, even while he was convinced utterly of its wisdom. They had been close to something there, a thing that might have rescued them both from a past that gripped too hard. But the moment was gone.

He saw them once in the forenoon, tiny figures far along the tideflats, and again at Samiston when he drove in for supplies and a haircut. Dan waved to him where he sat in the barber's chair, but Jane didn't turn her head. She was wearing a bright red dress and carrying a white handbag. She looked fresh and cool in the wilting heat, and Joe watched her pass with an ache in his throat.

It wasn't much, the favour she'd asked of him. No more, perhaps, than the chance to lay a ghost. He could have taken her on board the destroyer—he'd prowled the hulks often enough to be familiar with their pitfalls.

After dinner, he checked one party out of camp and a new one in, then tramped down to the beach. Dan was ahead of him. The boy had brought broom and pail from the boathouse and was scrubbing out the boat they'd fished from that morning.

Dan scrambled to his feet. "Thought I'd clean her up for you," he said, sheepish but plainly hopeful. "I mean, in case you were going fishing again."

"Okay, okay. Go ask your mother."

"I asked her," Dan said, and scampered to the boathouse for a fuel can and Joe's rod.

Another big tide tonight. The heavily ballasted hulks sat low on a Spit already awash. Joe swung the boat wide of them, running fast for the Smoke Island kelp beds. For an hour they had brisk sport with bluebacks, the immature coho salmon hitting the gaudy bucktail flies as if they hadn't fed for a week.

"Now we'll fish big," Joe told the boy as the sun dipped behind the Vancouver Island mountains.

He replaced the light nylon leader with piano wire and bent on the scarred silver plug. The big tyee would be stirring from their day-long torpor.

Motor barely turning over, they crept into the lee of the Spit. No bait schools showed, but the resident seal was on station, and ahead of the boat a heavy fish swirled in water silvered by afterglow.

"Tyee?" the boy whispered, sitting tense and small on the bow thwart.

"Maybe the one you boomed this morning." Joe smiled at him, but inside he was not smiling. On the dawn venture they'd been like a family together. He wondered if she had felt that way, too. Not likely, or she would be here in the boat with them now.

He said to Dan: "This Jim Carson you mentioned. I guess he's a pretty good friend?" A rat's trick, pumping the boy, but he felt he had to know.

"Pretty good." Dan shifted the

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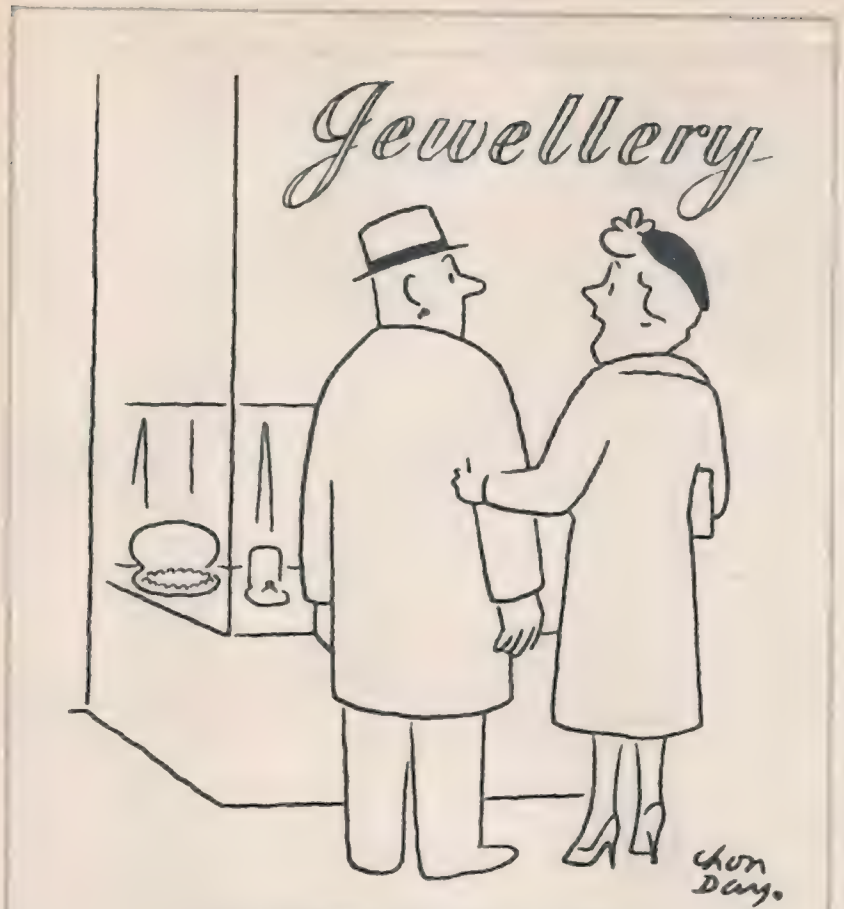

"Let's celebrate our golden wedding while we're young enough to enjoy it"

rod ever so slightly, but his grip on it didn't relax. "He's Mum's boss, the personnel director where she works. He wants her to marry him."

"Do you think she will?"

"Don't know. Hope not." Dan freed a hand to push back a cap sequinned with blueback scales. "He's nice, but. . . ."

The big reel took it from there, yielding line with a short and sullen growl. The rod straightened, bent, and straightened again.

"*Gone!*" Dan said. But Joe had already killed the motor and was working the oars out from under the thwarts. Big tyee, the biggest, were often slow starters.

The fish began to run, not at speed but ponderously and with a power that ripped line in a steady snarl against the drag.

"Let him take it," Joe answered the boy's wide-eyed, unspoken question. "Don't lean into him unless he starts for the eel grass."

Line continued to peel through the rod guides. The run slowed as the hundred-yard marker glimmered into the sea. Astern, a great dark tail lashed once, powerfully, scattering spray. Then the fish was running deep once more, moving steadily north along the Spit and the jumble of half-submerged wrecks that flanked it.

"He's really big, isn't he?" Dan asked in a strained voice.

"Bigger than you, maybe," Joe said. "You'll have to work on him a long time, son. Think you can do it?"

"Sure," the boy said, and nothing more, while the light boat moved steadily, the tyee towing, through the calm of high-water slack.

The outer hulk, the lean hull of the tin can this boy's father had skippered, drew abreast. Fish forgotten, Joe stared at the destroyer. Even on a fifteen-foot tide, more of her should be showing.

She had slipped from her berth in the phantom line, hung poised now where the Spit broke to deep water. When the tide turned, when the ebb exerted its mighty drag, she'd slide over. He'd been expecting Leonidas to go, any one of these big tides. But it wasn't the change in her position that set his heart thudding.

A boat, one of his own camp dinghies, rode empty at the destroyer's shattered fantail. And he knew who had tied it there

Other parties were fishing, but the nearest was a mile or more away by Smoke Island, far beyond hail. Joe pulled off shirt and rubber boots, took the flashlight from his tackle-box.

"Look," he said swiftly to Dan, "you're going to be on your own for a spell." Jane was in great danger. The boy would be, too, if he took him in there. "I want you to stay with your fish. Don't stand up and don't try to gaff him alone. If I'm not back by dark, cut him loose and start flashing the light."

"I will," Dan promised. "I'll be careful." His face was pale; he gave Joe one puzzled look, then his gaze returned to the line that slanted wire-stiff into depths from which the glow had faded.

THE hulk lay farther off than Joe had realized, and the water was a lot colder. His legs were numb before he had stroked half the distance, his chest on fire. The rowing-boat at the destroyer's stern seemed to mock him, retreating before him. He could feel the start of the ebb like a live and hostile thing, fighting to drag him out to the Straits. But the cold was his worst enemy. If he were to make it, he had to close the gap at speed. He went into a fast crawl.

When he shook the water from his eyes, the dinghy was almost on top of him. A last tired stroke and his arm was over the transom.

He rested in the dinghy, grudging each second, then, as life returned to his legs, clambered to the hulk. His shout brought only an echo from the shadows forward. He worked his way up through a maze of twisted steel to the afterdeck.

When he had last stood here it was in bright sunshine, at low tide. The hulk was strange now, infinitely more sinister. Slipping and staggering on the weedy deck, Joe made his way amidships. Under him, the hulk talked to herself in a continual rusty mutter. As he edged beneath the ruin of the bridge, he felt the whole ship move, sliding a little forward. With throat dry and heart too big for his chest, he froze until the tremor subsided.

If Jane were topside still, if some

Continued on page 40

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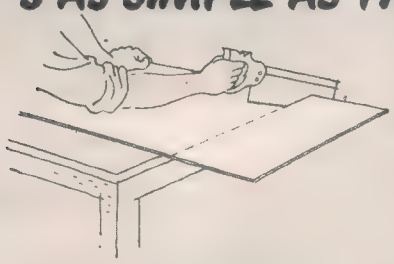
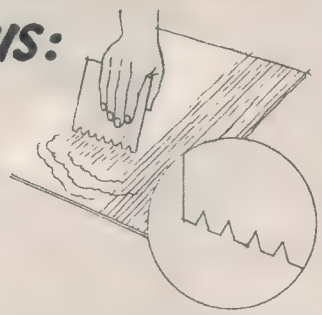
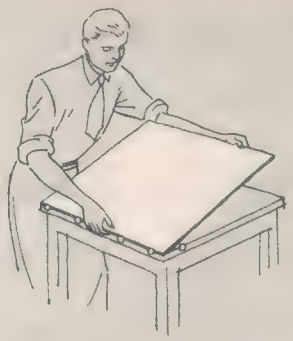


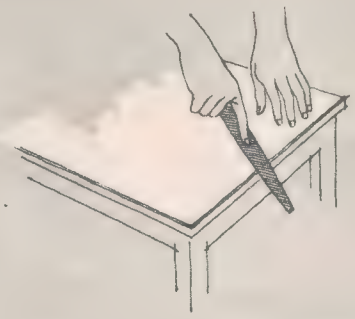
1. See that the wood top is level, clean and dry. If necessary cut panel to approximate size with sharp, fine-toothed saw.



2. Spread EVO-STIK thinly all over back of 'FORMICA' panel, *and* on table surface using spreader provided. Leave to dry for 15 minutes.



3. Line up panel on one edge and 'roll' it down. Press firmly, especially round the edges.



4. After 30 mins. file and sandpaper edges. Paint table edge to give good finish and help seal joint.

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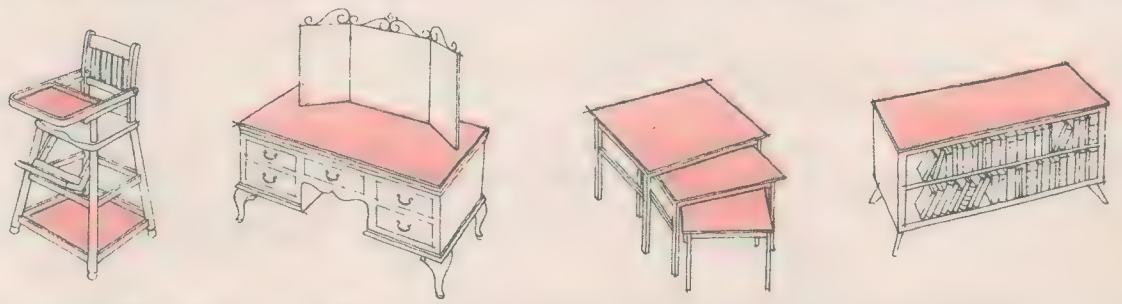


Owing to printing limitation the colour of the surfaces shown above is not necessarily in the present 'FORMICA' range

ALL THESE JOBS ARE EASY FOR ANY AMATEUR HANDYMAN

octopus-haunted trap hadn't gulped her, she would be in the captain's cabin.

A plate, rusted paper-thin, buckled beneath him. He lunged from the danger spot, skinning both knees on the edge of solid decking, then groped cross-ship towards the black rectangle of the wardroom doorway.

"Jane!" He hailed again, and this time got more than an echo for reply.

"I'm here."

"Get out, Jane! She's ready to slide."

"I can't." Her voice, sharp-edged with panic, came from close ahead. "Something's got me. Around my wrist."

Joe groped past the wardroom entrance. He was knee-deep in water suddenly. The water rose around him until he moved clumsily, submerged to his waist.

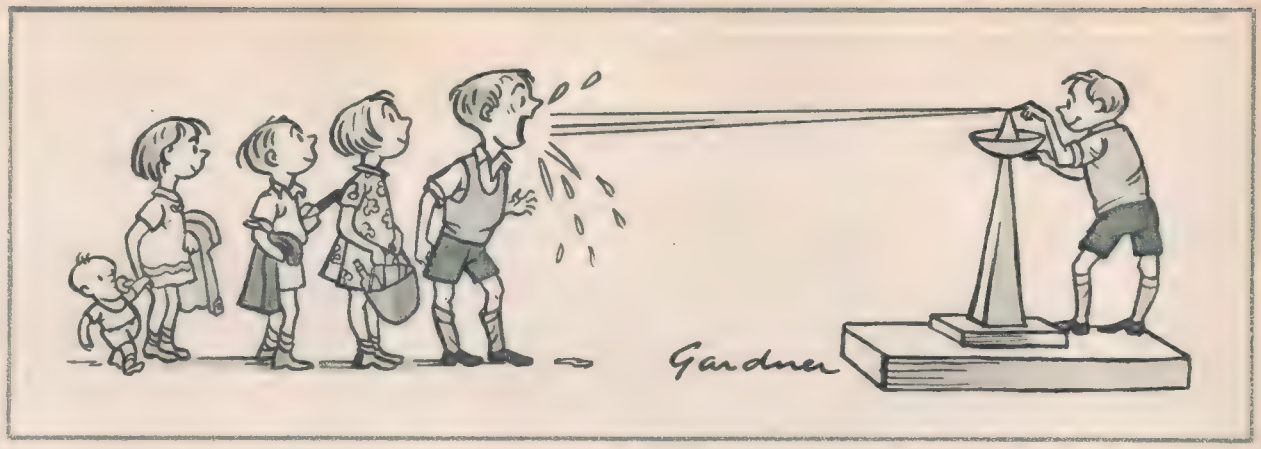
"Here," she called again, and he saw the pale flash of her cheek as she turned her head. "Be careful, Joe."

She stood with one shoulder jammed against the doorframe of the cubby-hole which had been her husband's cabin. As he reached her, he saw the ridged band that circled her wrist. A chill not of the icy water prickled Joe's scalp. He doubted if even the brute Chief Jacob tangled with had been this big.

His hand dropped to the knife behind his hip. Octopus tentacles were as tough to cut as six-ply tyre, but they weren't proof against Finland steel honed sharp enough to shave with. He slashed once, and again. In the flooded cabin the water boiled and blackened. Jane's arm was free, the severed tentacle uncurling, dropping with a splash as the suckers lost their grip.

The hulk moved again, tipping with a prolonged grumble of shifting ballast and displaced water masses. Jane was sagging against him, and he thought, in a crazy flash of irritation: *They're all alike; they faint at the damnedest times.*

Half carrying, half dragging her, he forged out of the passageway and aft in a reckless, lurching rush.



THE dinghy hung by its straining painter. Joe severed the line with a swipe of his knife, dropped Jane on board and followed with a roll and a swing that all but capsized them. Leonidas's stern towered over them, climbing a sky still faintly green. Scrabbling oars into rowlocks, backing water, Joe shoved clear as the hulk slid smoothly forward, out and down. The dinghy danced briefly in a suction whirl, then rode level.

"Well?" Joe put the question gruffly, scowling at the woman who sat small in the sternsheets, rubbing her bruised wrist. "I suppose you found what you were after?"

"No." She spoke softly, not looking at him.

"There was nothing to find, Joe. Nothing. You were right. But I'm glad I went on board."

"I am, too," he said. "This way, you'll be sure."

Off to the south-east, a light blinked. Joe put his back into the oars, happiness building in him. "That'll be Dan," he said. "I left him fighting the king of the salmon. He was supposed to cut loose at dark, but I'll bet he didn't."

"He wouldn't," Jane said. Her back was to the hulks. She was smiling, and he knew that smile was for him. "He's stubborn, like his mother."

The light winked twice more; then the white hull of the outboard rig showed dimly beyond them. "Still with you?" Joe called.

"He's beaten but he won't come up." The boy's voice quavered with weariness. "What do I do now?"

"Lay back on him," Joe said, and reached down for a gaff. He heard the boy's breath hiss between his teeth, saw the broad gleam of the tyee's side, and sank the gaff home. The fish was dead in the water, an inert weight which he slithered inboard to lie huge on the bottom-boards.

"Bigger than me," Dan said in a voice of awe. "You know, if you'd been Mr. Carson you'd have grabbed the rod like he did when I hooked the yellowtail. He's bossy."

Behind him, Joe heard Jane's laugh, sudden and low and warm. He knew, now, that he wasn't going to sell the Point. The need had departed. He had laid a ghost of his own tonight, and it would not return. THE END

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 24

it was difficult for her not to reveal to this man that Anders was alive. He came to her assistance, cutting short Svend's condolences.

"That boat there's badly battered, isn't it?" he said.

Svend, obviously relieved that he had not to make further speeches, nodded gravely. "*Ja, ja.* But when you get caught in a storm. . . ." He shrugged. "Herre Larsen asked me to come and look at it, but I came at the wrong time. He isn't home."

Richard stared at the small cruiser, the dinghy slung in davits, heavily damaged; at the deck, from which whole pieces had been ripped away; at the bow, crushed as if another boat had rammed it.

STORM, he thought. Who had mentioned a storm? Then he remembered—Ulla Rasmussen. She had told him that there had been a storm the night before his arrival—the night before Anders had been abducted. "*Iver*"—Helga's voice rang in his mind—"*he will grieve as we do. He is still in Paris. He'll be home tomorrow.*"

"Storm?" said Helga. "When was Iver caught in a storm?"

"Three days ago," said Svend. "He sent round to me on Friday morning. But I was so busy I couldn't come before."

Richard said nothing. He was watching Helga's face. She had grown very pale. He took her arm and, as he led her away from the pier, back to the car, she was leaning against him, bracing herself as though she were unable to walk alone.

Still, when they were out of earshot, she said defiantly: "It doesn't mean a thing."

"He lied to you," he said. "He made you believe he was in France when you most needed him."

"Somebody else might have taken his boat out."

Richard did not answer. He made no move to start the car, but sat perfectly quiet.

"Why are we waiting here?" said Helga. "Why aren't you driving to the Marienlyst?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Do you want me to?" Helga's face was set. "This time," she answered, "I have a few questions to ask."

The Marienlyst, on the outskirts of Helsingor, was a big, old-fashioned hotel. They drove through its park, in which children played, and entered the lobby.

"No," said the receptionist, "I haven't seen Herre Larsen come in."

The dining-room, facing its own private sea-front, was huge. Quite a few people still lingered over their meals. Helga walked rapidly through its entire length, stopped the head waiter and was told the same thing.

"Sorry, no. I haven't seen Herre Larsen."

She sat down near a window as though suddenly exhausted. Richard went in search of a waiter and ordered some coffee before he took his place next to Helga on the small bench. Now, through the window, he could see the blue saloon which had followed them, parked three cars from his own.

"Richard," said Helga, "Mesters will never see you until you have delivered the container. Severin will not reappear, either, before that. Mogens, if he ever had anything to do with it, will never confess. Frederik, if he is still secretly a member of the Party, will not dare to talk; and Iver—what could you possibly find out about Iver in so short a time, if he could fool Anders over so many years?"

Richard bit his lip. He had just thought exactly the same thing. But he was surprised that Helga should suddenly see the situation from his point of view.

At the far end of the bar, a man sat at the piano. He was playing softly. Helga put her hands to her ears as though she could not bear the sweetness of the music; then, straightening up, she let them sink back in her lap.

"If you don't change your mind, they will kill Anders."

Suddenly—and it seemed to him that it was the first time since he had been told Oersted was alive and would be exchanged for the container—Richard could think clearly. For a moment his mind was no longer clouded by the problem of whether he had the right to sacrifice his friend for the possible good of all, his heart no longer affected by love for the girl next to him, his brain no longer searching frantically for some way out. Suddenly his reason worked coldly, logically.

"They will kill Anders anyhow."

Helga moved away from him. She stared at him, stricken. Her lips began to tremble, and for a moment Richard was not sure if he could go on.

"Don't you see?" he said, as gently as he could. "They will have to kill him, because they simply can't afford to let him come back to Denmark to start his own investigations. They know that he would never rest until he had uncovered the people in this country who are being paid by Russian agents or are the agents themselves. Oh, yes, I believe he wrote the letter and I believe they will keep him alive until they have the stuff. Then they'll say he tried to escape or committed suicide."

Helga stared at him. "I never thought of it that way," she said. "What a fool I was to believe that once they had the explosive they would. . . ." She broke off, and Richard took her hand.

"As a matter of fact, they can't afford to have me around either," he said. "Mogens, Larsen, Gabel, if they are innocent, can be intimidated, but I am a British subject. They can't threaten me as they can threaten citizens of this country. And they know that once it is all over and Anders is dead, I would never give up. I might already know too much."

"You mean," she whispered, "Anders and you are safe only as long as you refuse——"

RICHARD looked at her steadily. "No," he said, "we are safe only till tomorrow at eight, when the time limit expires. Then they will act. Then they will decide that since they can't get the container, they must dispose of me as well as Anders."

It was strange to sit in a quiet bar, listening to a soft, sweet tune, and talk about his possible death to the girl he wanted to marry. He lifted his head, and as he did so his eyes fell on the man in the blue saloon car. He never knew that in that second he had measured his own potential against the strength of the man outside. The idea came quite suddenly, born out of resignation and despair.

"Helga," he said, "Helga," and he caught himself and spoke slowly and evenly. "There is a chance—a small chance—and we must take it. It may make possible what I have hoped for all along—to find, through the man who is following us, the person who is at the back of it all and, if he is important enough, to exchange him for Anders."

She looked at him. "I don't know what you mean."

HE said, slowly: "I am going to need your help. I've just told you I was sure that something will happen to me the moment I am no longer of any use. The question is: When? Everything depends on that. Go to them, to all of them; call them. Tell Iver, Mogens and Gabel that you know where the container is hidden. That I told you. That you convinced me I had to reveal it to save Anders. That you know the exact spot, but that I am leaving; that I want nothing more to do with the whole thing. Go to Viken with them; start digging a yard away from the left sand dune, keep digging."

"And you?"

"I'll be at the farm, packing, pretending to leave. If I'm right, some attack will be made on me as soon as you tell them that you know."

She shook her head. "No."

"It's our only chance, Anders's and mine."

"I can't take it."

"You have to. We can't sit here and just hope everything will turn out all right when it's against all reason that it will."

"They may kill you." Helga put her arms on the table and buried her head in them. "I can't." She looked up. "Richard, I love you too much. I didn't know I loved you so much."

"It is almost three o'clock," he said. "Don't come back too early. Give them time."

Suddenly she straightened up. "It isn't there?" she said.

He shook his head. "No. It isn't there. Helga, my darling, don't you understand it is the only chance Anders and I have, the only chance for you and me?"

* * *

The moment Helga had left the farm, fear sprang up in Richard. He should never have let her go with men he

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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

didn't trust. He stood at the window, looking out into the green, peaceful landscape, seeing nothing. After a while he regained enough control to tell himself that his plan was the only chance; that he was right to risk all it might involve.

He went out on the lawn and at once saw the man. He was walking opposite the house through a meadow. Just someone out on an afternoon's stroll. Richard smiled. He had been sent to watch him to make sure he did not get away with the explosive. But Richard had no intention of going into the lab now. At the Marienlyst, in the deserted bar, he had written a letter to the British Embassy and, before leaving the hotel, had posted it in the box near the receptionist's desk. He went back to the house.

It was still too early for him to leave. Since Helga had called Larsen, the doctor and Mogens, and left to meet them at the harbour in Hornbaek, only a little more than an hour had passed. He went to his room. There was hardly anything to pack, but he spent a good half-hour over it before he emerged with his bag and put it in his car. Just when he had decided that the time to leave had come, the telephone rang inside the house.

Neils appeared. "It's Herre Larsen asking if Mr. Parker has already left," he said.

A moment later, Richard lifted the receiver from where Niels had put it down on the hall table. "Aren't you in Viken?"

"No," said Larsen. "At the last moment I was delayed, and since Gabel and Mogens went with Helga, I thought my presence wasn't essential."

Richard did not answer, and Larsen didn't seem to notice the little pause. He spoke on rapidly, "I'm so glad I managed to catch you. I just wanted to tell you how glad I am you changed your mind." Apparently Larsen expected no comment. There was a certain warmth in his voice as he said: "It was the only thing you could do. But you shouldn't leave us now. You should stay."

"I'm sorry," said Richard. "I've already booked a seat on the plane."

"If you'll forgive me," said Larsen, "I think you're being very childish. Don't be too hard on Helga. She was almost in tears when she told me: 'I'll have Anders back, but I've lost Richard.' She just telephoned from Sweden. They've got the container. They're all coming here. Won't you change your mind and join us?"

Richard's heart began to pound. "I have to return the car I hired."

"One of us will take care of that if you really decide to go."

"I haven't seen anything of Copenhagen; not even the Tivoli."

"You'll see everything you want, if you stay."

"I'll be over in about a quarter of an hour."

He hung up. He put his hand to his forehead. It was wet with perspiration. He felt in his pocket. It was empty. He had forgotten that Mogens had disarmed him the night before, and returned the gun to Helga.

He turned and saw Ulla standing at the entrance.

"I'm so glad," she said, "so glad Iver called and made you change your mind. Let's all have dinner together and"—she smiled—"I hope, celebrate."

He drove very slowly, thinking not of Larsen, but of Helga. At this moment it seemed as though he had never told her that he loved her. He might never see her again.

The red roofs of Helsingor. This time he saw them, and for a moment he stopped the car. The sun shone, the wind blew; it was summer, perhaps the last he would see. But Ulla knew where he had gone, and if he disappeared from Larsen's house, Helga would not rest. The British Embassy would have his letter tomorrow. He had told Helga to get in touch with them. Somehow, if he died, his death would involve Larsen. It would not be in vain.

He drove on to Humlebaek. In the mirror over the dashboard he saw the blue saloon right behind him, but as he stopped his car above the harbour, opposite Larsen's house, it shot past him, out of sight.

It seemed years since he had seen the big, old-fashioned house, instead of only a few hours. The entrance was at the back. He walked round and started up the steps. Then he stopped sharply. A voice he had heard before said: "You don't have to ring. You are expected." The man who, leaning against the Absalon statue, had pretended not to speak English, held a gun pointed at him; and now, as then, he was smiling politely.

It was a large room, painted dead white, into which Richard was led. Rare and beautiful old musical instruments decorated its walls. A baby grand stood at an angle to a window which overlooked the sea. Iver Larsen sat before it, trying one key which seemed to have suffered from the damp. It made a strange, monotonous sound.

He rose. "It's all right," he said to the man, and bowed to Richard. "I'm sorry, Parker."

Two, thought Richard. *And Larsen may also be carrying a gun.*

"Would you tell me what this means?" he asked.

"Just what you expected."

Larsen sat down on the bench before the grand, straddling it, completely at his ease. Behind the door through which he had been ushered, Richard could hear the man blow his nose.

"I did not expect a hold-up."

"I hope you won't mind if I say I doubt that very much. You see, Parker, Gabel told me you suspected him and Mesters, because you had found out that Mesters had inquired about your arrival. Well, to ease your curiosity, Mesters had nothing to do with all this. Don't blame yourself for not following him up. He just had to pass on word to certain people, once you had got here. He didn't know what it was all about."

RICHARD, without answering, went over to a side table on which an array of bottles and glasses stood on a large silver tray.

"If you prefer," said Larsen, "there is also Scotch."

A bottle might serve as a weapon; one of the little Louis XV chairs, light enough to pick up, was heavy enough to smash a window.

"So I was warned," said Larsen. "I knew, once you had started to suspect Anders's closest friends, that my turn would come."

Richard, still saying nothing, sat down and lighted a cigarette. Larsen was smiling at him. "Do you despise me so much that you won't even talk?" Richard did not answer, and after a moment, Larsen shrugged. "If it ever comes to an armed conflict between the West and the Russians, Denmark would be overrun before British or American planes could appear."

There was only one door, and in front of that door the man had been posted.

"Therefore," continued Larsen, "I decided to throw in my lot with the Power closest to us. I have been valuable to them."

Richard spoke for the first time. "The events of the last few years should have taught you the lesson that everybody is expendable, once they have become valueless."

Larsen laughed then. "I intend to keep on being of value. I can play their game, too."

Richard got up, started to pace the room, and Larsen said quietly: "I'd rather you didn't move about." Richard, as though he had not heard, kept walking. "Don't be a fool," said Larsen. "I have a gun." He shook his head. "You see, you made a mistake in thinking in humane terms. You should never have revealed to Helga where the explosive was hidden. But then, you had no chance to get out of this country with or without it."

"I knew that," said Richard. "What will happen to Anders?"

"That is out of my hands."

"Helga?"

"Oh, I think I can protect her."

"You think the position you hold is strong enough to see that no harm will come to her?"

LARSEN smiled, a condescending smile. It told Richard what he wanted to know.

"What part have Mogens, Severin and the doctor in all this?"

"You are asking questions like a man who is going to live," said Larsen.

Richard sat down in the chair he had occupied before. "But I expect to live," he said.

Larsen looked up. "Wouldn't you call your hopes a little optimistic?"

"Not at all," said Richard. "For you see, Larsen, Helga does not know where the explosive is. Nobody knows, except me. But I calculated that whoever was responsible for Anders's abduction would act, once he thought he had it."

"But Helga called," said Larsen. "Don't think for a moment I believe you." He got up, however, and now it was he who paced the floor.

"You'll soon find out," said Richard, and he was out of his chair and over at the side table, grabbing a full bottle and hurling it at Larsen.

It hit Larsen on the shoulder, then crashed to the floor. Larsen went down and Richard had lifted a chair and smashed a window before the man posted outside came rushing into the room. But the hole he had made wasn't big enough to escape through, and the man was upon him. The next moment Larsen pulled himself up from the floor and helped the man subdue Richard and tie him to a chair.

Two, thought Richard. *I have no chance against two.*

He was tied to the chair, helpless. There he was, Iver Larsen, the man he had hoped to find, the man important enough to be offered in exchange for Anders, and he could do nothing about it.

"You don't really think you'll get away with it?" he said. "There will be inquiries. Helga——"

"Don't worry," Larsen told him. "Do me a favour and please do not worry." He smiled. "I assure you our plans are quite well made."

To be concluded next week

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday August 21, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,948 result.)

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